The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

MBER • 1939
XVI • No. 12

If you want to make a good impression

for yourself your organization and your Church

Say . . .

Merry Christmas

to at least one of your friends anywhere in the world with a subscriptio
to the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, $1.00 per year

Our circulation is just short of 50,000—A Merry Christmas from you wi
help us pass this mark

Index to Advertisers

Beesley Music Co.	80
Cloverleaf	Inside Back Cove
Deseret Book	Inside Back Cove
Fisher Master Bakers	80
L. D. S. Business College	80
Mountain Fuel	Inside Back Cove
Utah Power & Light Co.	80
ZCMI	Outside Back Cove

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

MORE THAN 40,000 SUBSCRIBERS

Beesley Music Co.

Singing Mothers and Musical Daughters

will find all wants gratified here

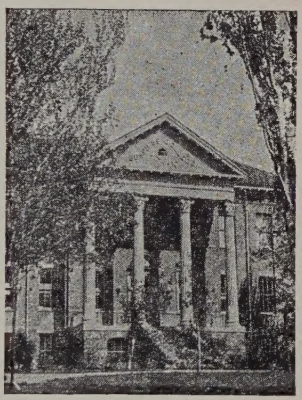
Electrical Gifts Are Gifts That Please!

Electrical Gifts are practical and inexpensive and are daily reminders of Christmas thoughtfulness.

Enjoy Cheap Electricity

See Your Dealer or Utah Power & Light Co.

"L. D. S. Training Pays!"



Business Training
Character Education
Personal Development

L. D. S. Business College

70 North Main Salt Lake City

Ask for "Bulletin of Information"

HERE'S BREAD YOU'LL LIKE... with extra benefits

When you buy Fisher's Vitamin D Bread you're sure to be satisfied. It's baked to perfection, and it contains vitamin D—the vitamin so essential for good teeth and strong bones!

A Product of
THE FISHER MASTER BAKERS

The Relief Society Magazine

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXVI DECEMBER, 1939 No. 1

Contents

Special Features

Frontispiece—Portrait of Winter ..... Vesta P. Crawford 80
Are You Living Abundantly? ..... Zina Y. C. Brown 80
Jennie Brimhall Knight ..... President Louise Y. Robison 80
Long Live Your Poinsettia ..... Dorothy Nell Mair 82
Magazine Honor Roll 86

Fiction

The Last Line ..... Lella Marler Hoggan 81
A Song In The Cabin ..... Maryhale Woolsey 82
Cathedral of Peace (Chapter 2) ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 83

General Features

Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 82
The Relief Society And The Welfare Plan ..... Eva W. Darger 82
Editorial:
What Does Christmas Mean To You? 83
Items of Interest:
Notes From the Field 83
Attention: Literary Class Leaders 83
Pan-American Good Will Tour 83
New Books 83
Mormon Handicraft—Highlights ..... Nellie O. Parker 83
Music Department:
Uses of the Left Hand in Conducting ..... Wade N Stephens 84
Emotional Content of Vocal Music 84

Lessons

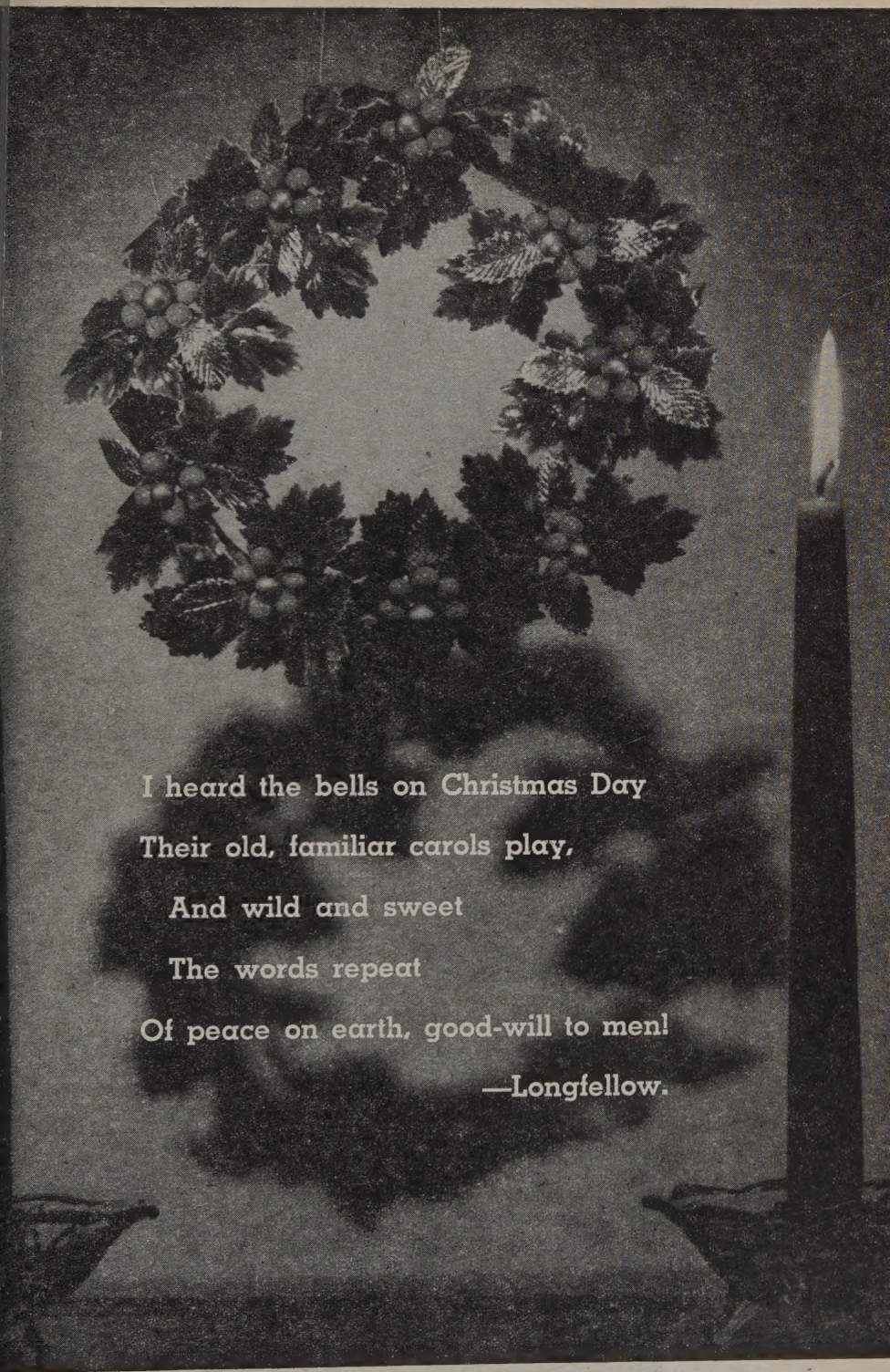
Theology—Paul the Missionary 84
Messages to the Home—Giving 84
Literature—"Les Miserables" 84
Social Service—Psychology of Personal Efficiency 85
Family Relationships—My Parents Do Not Know Me 85
Mission—Organization of the Church 86

Poetry

Portrait of Winter ..... Vesta P. Crawford 80
Corsage ..... Beatrice Rordame Parsons 81
Christmas Fires ..... Evelyn Wooster Viner 81
A Song ..... Sylvia Probst 82

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Telephone Wasatch 98
Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10
The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will b
missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.
Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, unde
the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for i
section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manu
scripts for their return.


I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
—Longfellow.

PORTRAIT OF WINTER

The flowers and the leaves are sleeping here,
And I have come to seek a quiet mood
Within this space that marks another year,
To gather to myself this solitude
That lies in benediction on the land.
Here is the calm my troubled heart would know
Where ancient barriers of the mountains stand
In smoothest robes of all-effacing snow.

I would be unafraid and see each day
An interval of time as new and white
As this high hill where once the brown leaves lay
And waited for the windy storm and night.
The beauty of the earth can never cease,
And hills are loveliest in winter peace!

—Vesta P. Crawford.

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXVI DECEMBER, 1939 No.12

Are You Living Abundantly?

By Zina Y. C. Brown

Christ came that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

EVERY man's goal is happiness, and the Golden Rule is the best recipe for happiness ever given to man. This recipe has two ingredients—love and service. Christ told of the first when he gave the two great commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Love is the motivating power that impels us to unselfish service. Service is the way that leads to fulfillment and joy. And again we hear the Master's voice in answer to the query, "Who is greatest among us?" —"He that is servant of all." In His life we have the exemplification of these truths. His great and perfect love was shown by His glorious and selfless service to us, His children, both in His life and in His death.

How can we walk in His steps, we who are mortal? How can we gain that fullness of life and go on to life eternal? Let me tell you a story of one who greatly loved her fellowmen, and whose whole life was dedicated to serving them. From this story may you be given fresh impetus to serve and more perfect faith to accept His decrees.

Come with me into a tiny hamlet beyond the northern borders of the United States. The nearest town and railway are sixty miles distant, the only neighbors a few Northwest Mounted Police and the friendly Redskins. After six months of living in a tent and wagon-box, our pioneer gayly moved into her new three-roomed log cabin. Here, a few months later, her baby was born without attendance of doctor or trained nurse.

Though faced with the characteristic hardships of pioneer life, she did all she could to bring comfort and cheer into the lives of the little band of pioneers who had settled here in response to the call of their leader. She was nurse, doctor and the dispenser of medicines as well; few knew she paid for these herself. How many lives she ushered into this world and how many layettes she supplied I know not. Nor do I know how many she helped to prepare for burial after keeping vigil with those bereaved in their time of near despair, supporting them with the buoyancy of her faith.

Did not the weary traveler hitch his horses to the gate post without need of formal welcome? Here he freely stayed for one or many nights. Some stayed on indefinitely, and

many ailing and disheartened were nursed back to health and new hope under her roof.

I have vivid recollections of her selfless services to the youth of the now growing community. The log house soon assumed the dignity of a five-roomed dwelling, all white without and glowing within. The whole place radiated her cheerful personality, and its quaint beauty was literally the workmanship of her own hands. Pictures of long summer evenings come flooding back to me: I can see that little cottage as the magnet that drew everyone to her home. The ornate, hanging lamp sends its mellow rays through the wide-open door, and friends are trooping down the path between the wild-rose hedge that borders the dear old-fashioned flower gardens. All are greeted with a glowing smile and warm handclasp. Soon voices rise in sweet old songs. The sweet tones of the old reed organ are blended with happy voices of youth, the prattle of little children, and the low tones of those older grown. Music, readings and games are interrupted only by the passing of good home-made ice cream and cake. All present contribute to the evening's wholesome fun. The gay laughter and witty repartee give evidence of glad hearts in real accord.

These parties were like talent contests of the present. For latent talent was discovered and encouraged. Out of this talent grew glee clubs, bands, and dramatic groups.

Will anything ever equal in thrills and excitement the "home dramatics"! No unlettered youth ever had a better coach than was she. I can still see her plodding through the snow to attend rehearsals. The first performance saw her house practically stripped of all portable furnishings; the old dining table was piled high with costumes which she had designed and helped to make from gay "nothings". Bands of fleece cotton marked with charcoal made elegant ermine, and the brass to from the hanging lamp crowned many a stage monarch of that long ago.

A heavenly peace steals into my heart as I recall the cottage and special meetings held in her hallowed parlor. This room served as bedroom, too. The people were seated on the bed, elegant in its silk and wool "log-cabin" cover, and on all the available chairs; even the kitchen wash-bench, covered for such occasions, was used as a seat. The hymns, the "gifts of the spirit" and the words of deep conviction on the Gospel's truth stirred your hearts to the depths. On one such occasion the presence of a Heavenly Choir was felt and gave to us a glimpse of the joy that comes to those who are truly in the Master's service.

HOW she found time for the love and devotion that she lavished on her own family is still a mystery to me. Her loyal and constant support of her husband in his responsible position, her tender care of him in the home and the honor shown him as the head of that home were never failing.

She heard her children's prayers and tucked them in at night. Bedtime hour was the story hour; when there was company present, she excused herself that she might not miss this ritual with her own. Marvelous these stories were, with knights

armor riding through them and princesses galore. The tales she spun from her own fertile brain were best loved of all. The latter always left her children armed for doing noble deeds.

The long, cold winters were never dreary, for there were always good books—a bookcase filled with volumes chosen by her for her children and their friends. Even the case was made by her from packing boxes and stained, varnished and hung with crimson curtains. Her children and their friends sat with her near the parlor stove while she read from Dickens or Alcott or showed them copies of famous paintings. She loved the beautiful in all its forms.

As she sat in the old buggy by her husband's side as the family jogged home from a meeting just attended, she would often touch his arm and say, "Look, Papa, the flowers." That was always a signal for him to draw rein and let the children alight. Each would come back soon with arms laden with wild flowers rich in color and perfume. Happy days! Hours and years were made sweet with the gifts unconsciously given by one who lived abundantly.

She had a fullness of life. I know that she had. Her humble board was graced by the noble of the earth—the honored and loved leaders of the Church and many of the great of her adopted country who departed with a changed attitude toward the Church and its people. The humblest were as welcome as the so-called great and were as graciously received.

As her life's pattern wove itself to completion, it was beautiful to see. To the last, her love for all of God's children, both living and dead, filled her days with sweetness and with love returned. I think the angels must have marveled at the throngs who came to meet her at that Opened Door as she passed to Life Eternal. Greatly blessed in her gift of uniting everyone in the spirit of brotherhood, which is such an important phase of the Gospel of Christ, the humble and the great of two great nations mourned her passing—the passing of a friend. She, unconsciously great, had gained her life by losing it in loving service to mankind.

Her life gives increased courage and faith and is an added proof that circumstance and station are no bar to living abundantly.

Oh, dear mothers, near and far, are we letting escape great opportunities by which we may serve Him? Are our days warped and unlighted by waste of time and lack of vision, or is each day filled with loving service and lofty thoughts? We are living in the "fullness of times", born with an heritage beyond price. We can pay for this only in the coin of love. This increases as it is given and returns a thousand-fold to bless our years.

Let us catch and retain this true Christmas spirit — the Christ-like love—that it may fill our hearts now and throughout all our days. We shall then live abundantly.

Jennie Brimhall Knight

By President Louise Y. Robison

COUNTING life in events, rather than in years, it seems that I have always known Jennie Brimhall Knight; yet, I had not met her before I voted to sustain her, April 1, 1921, as First Counselor to Clarissa S. Williams, General President of the Relief Society. That was a memorable experience—meeting two of the most lovable women I have ever known and for the first time in my life going to the office of the First Presidency.

President Grant greeted us cordially. He had been acquainted with President Williams since early childhood; he knew Mrs. Knight and had high regard for her father's family as well as for her husband and his family, but for a few moments he could not place me. Those were embarrassing moments until he recalled my parents, my husband and his family; he most graciously traced genealogy far and wide and put me at ease by laughingly saying we were relatives. It was in that moment of embarrassment that Mrs. Knight looked at me with those understanding, expressive eyes, and I felt secure and at peace—she was my friend.

This friendship has grown more precious with the years, for she has that rare quality of friendship which is vitalized by doing and growing, and she has the ability to inspire her friends to improve with her.

As First Counselor to Mrs. Williams during the seven and a half years of her presidency, Mrs. Knight was loyal, competent and dependable. Regular Executive and Board meetings were held each week, with often an extra session, but the weather was never too cold to keep her from coming all the way from Provo to be in attendance.

Her sound judgment, her sympathetic understanding of human needs and her untiring devotion to Relief Society was a great strength to President Williams who loved her dearly. The bond of affection between these two great women was beautiful to see. President Williams' voice was a real caress when she spoke the name "Jennie".

In describing success, someone has said: "If the passing years have left you in their flight, new stores of wisdom, kindliness, tolerance, patience—that is success." Jennie B. Knight has all these virtues—and more. She has added love and in return is loved by all who have been privileged to know her.

She has faith and a sincere testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Her faith has strengthened the testimony of others.

Few women have had the wide opportunity for service which Mrs. Knight has had, and few have been so well prepared for that service.

Jennie Brimhall and Inez Knight were the first lady missionaries called and sent as such, to a foreign country. In addition to this experience, Mrs. Knight has visited most of the stakes and many wards and missions as General Board officer and member. It is a pleasure to visit a Relief Society after she has held a conference or convention. People invariably speak lovingly of her wis

JENNIE BRIMHALL KNIGHT

dom, her practical advice and her ability to adjust to any situation.

Mrs. Knight graduated from the Brigham Young University with high honors. Later, she taught in the Training School of her beloved B. Y. U. and also served as Dean of Women.

She is a life member of the National Council of Women. A few of the outstanding activities which have claimed her attention are: Stake

President Y. W. M. I. A. of Taylor Stake; Stake President Y. W. M. I. A. of Utah Stake; Relief Society Board Member, Utah Stake; Governor Bamberger's representative at a peace conference in Philadelphia; Vice President State Council of Defense, Woman's Division, and a representative of the Council in Washington, D. C.; representative of the Relief Society at conventions of the National Council of Women upon several occasions, and as a delegate to the Quinquennial in Washington, D. C. she became acquainted with many noted foreign women. She was also a delegate to National Conferences of Social Workers of the United States.

With all of these interests—and many more—Jennie B. Knight is a model homemaker, an ideal wife and mother, an hospitable hostess and a trusted friend.

On January 18, 1899, Jennie Brimhall was married to Jesse William Knight who has whole-heartedly assisted his wife in all of her activities. Their two sons, Richard and Phillip, are married, and three adorable grandchildren now claim loving attention.

One wonders how a person can have so many virtues and abilities, how being gracious and doing right come, apparently, so easy. Back of most people with these great gifts are fine, wise parents. Jennie Brimhall was very fortunate in being born into the home of Dr. George H. Brimhall and Alsina E. Wilkins Brimhall. Many instances of character training in Jennie's young life are delightfully told by Inez Knight Allen in a tribute to "Jennie B." in the November, 1928 issue of the Relief Society Magazine.

After eighteen years of loyal, devoted service to Relief Society as First Counselor to President Williams and member of the General Board of Relief Society, Mrs. Knight has asked for her release. President Grant approves of her request, and each member of the General Board reluctantly acquiesce.

The name of Jennie Brimhall Knight will be lovingly remembered in thousands of homes of Relief Society women. Their good wishes and their earnest prayers for her happiness will ever follow her. She has proven the Prophet Micah's interpretation of real service:

"Only to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

CORSAGE

Fair Orchid, in your lavender and lace,
Born of time, and destined for a space
To rest upon her shoulder,
In all grace, I send you now
To her I love,
And beg you, with your sweetness trace
The pattern of my love across her shining face.

—*Beatrice Rordame Parsons.*

The Last Line

By Lella Marler Hoggan

MARTHA drew a hairpin from the soft graying knot of hair at the nape of her neck and ripped open the thin envelope that the postman had delivered. She inspected its contents carefully.

"Merciful heavens!" she gasped, "it can't be so. There must be some mistake." Her fingers trembled as she removed her glasses, wiped them on the hem of her crisp apron, and again examined the letter. It was her name all right and the proper address. It seemed impossible, but there it was in plain words that anyone could read.

The clock on the mantel struck ten. The autumn sunshine was streaming across her kitchen table. The air was heavy with the odor of sweet spices from the kettle of apple butter simmering on the stove. Yes, her senses confirmed the fact that she was awake and in her right mind. She really had won one hundred dollars for the last line of a limerick.

She could hardly wait to tell the good news to some one. But Sam had gone to the mountains hunting with some of his friends and would not be back for another week, and their daughter and three sons all lived in distant towns. It would not be exactly kind to be babbling of her prosperity to her neighbors. Widow Johnson never had any money for luxuries. And sour old Lem Flinders, the war veteran, did not want to hear of anyone's good fortune while he was hobbling about in penury waiting for the adjustment on his lapsed life insurance. No, she would wait until Sam got back to break the glad news. So she put the check in her gray silk purse and slipped it under Sam's pillow on their bed. Several times during the day she went in and opened the purse to make sure the check was still there.

One hundred dollars was a lot of money to spend just as one pleased. What would she do with it? All through the years she had treasured in her heart unfinished dreams and plans that for lack of a few dollars were still waiting to be completed. What a thrilling experience it would be to bring about a realization of some of these long-hoped-for things.

DURING the next few days Martha spent hours planning, figuring, measuring. She made a trip to town where she priced materials, matched colors, and wrote down lists of suggestive purchases. Then one morning just as she opened her eyes, it came to her like a flash. Why hadn't she thought of it long ago? Why not use the money for Christmas? One hundred dollars for Christmas! It would be magic. It would be more than magic. Why it would be the dream of a lifetime come true. Her thoughts ran riot. There was Sam and the children and grandchildren and friends to be made glad. Oh it would be a glorious adventure, nothing less.

Out of all her planning, however, she did not make a single purchase. And when Sam reached home at the end of the week she had not even

cashed the check. Sam was tired, dusty and bewhiskered, and his usual even temper was somewhat ruffled. "Cold as blazes in the mountains," he growled, "and not even so much as a deer track in sight." But oh, it was good to have him home again, thought Martha.

He soon had his chores finished and was shaved, bathed and into clean clothes. The hot appetizing meal was ready for the table, and he noticed that his plate was turned down. Tired as he was, his curiosity was at once aroused.

It had been a family custom throughout the years to save the little happy surprises for meal time. It might be a gift or a joke or some cheerful message that was concealed under one or more of the plates, but no one lifted his plate until after grace was said. And so after they had offered thanks for the food, Sam's twinkling eyes met Martha's animated gaze across the steaming food. With his hand on his plate he waited.

"What'll you bet I can't guess the first time?" he bantered.

"I don't gamble," her face was beaming, "but you'll not guess this time, not even in a dozen guesses."

"Dried venison," was Sam's hazard. "It must be dried venison considerin' the luck I had on the huntin' trip." He lifted his plate, and the letter addressed to Martha was revealed. He held it up questioningly.

"Read it," she urged.

"A hundred dollars! A hundred dollars!" he kept repeating, after he had read the letter. "Why glory be, Marthy, you've *saved the farm!*"

"What do you mean '*saved the farm*'?"

"Why the taxes, Marthy, th taxes. This will make our fall pay ment and tide us over till we ca sell the hay or the grain."

All of the joy went out of Ma tha's face, just as if an eraser ha rubbed off every vestige of gladnes

"Oh yes, the taxes . . . to be sure. Always there was the taxes. Wh hadn't she remembered? Withou a word she went to the small des in the living room and endorse the check and passed it to her grat ful husband, but her attempt a cheerfulness during the remainde of the meal was a dismal failure.

She was relieved when Sam fi ished eating and went into the livin room to glance through the new papers that had come while he wa away. Being alone would give h a chance to think things over and t adjust her mind to her change financial situation.

Sam, tired from his trip, fell aslee in his chair before he had finishe the first paper. Martha aroused hi patiently, and without ceremony h undressed and tumbled into be He looked so tired and deservin she observed. Soon his regul heavy breathing echoed through th quiet rooms.

WHEN Martha retired, she slep fitfully. Once she awakened wit a start and reached for the gray si purse. Her hand touched Sam cheek, and then she remembere She had companioned with the pr cious check for so many days th it brought an empty feeling to h heart to know that it was gone. was like losing a friend.

She recalled gloomily how tim and again in the past they had save money for some special purpos

then a crop failure from some cause or another had occurred, and their precious savings had gone to pay the taxes. The hailstorm had taken the grain in the field the same fall they were married, making it impossible for them to go on a honeymoon trip. The money they had saved for the trip had to go for taxes. That was more than forty years ago, and they were still waiting for that honeymoon tour. Not that they needed such a trip, far from it; their marriage had been one long honeymoon. But she could not help recalling that the tax payments had caused many a heartache.

She tried to put the whole sorry thought of it out of her mind, but over and over like a rhythmic chant of bitterness and disappointment the words repeated themselves, "a hundred dollars for taxes—the Christmas money for taxes", until finally she could stand it no longer.

Slipping out of bed, she tiptoed into the kitchen, put on a robe and some house shoes and walked out on the porch. Everything was so silent as she stood there in the white moonlight and gazed across the broad acres. The fields of stubble and the empty trees told of the garnered harvest. The stack of hay back of the barn, grain in the granary, boxes of red and yellow apples, and long shelves of bottled fruit and vegetables in the cellar, attested the summer's labor and the winter's store.

They had spent practically all of their married life here. Sam had helped to build the house, and they had moved in just a few weeks before Diana was born. It seemed only yesterday that they had packed up and left his father and mother at the old ranch house up in the valley. And yet Diana's children were growing up now. Why Bonny Lou, Diana's daughter, was married last year.

The greatest joys of their lives centered here. The rooms of the old home were hallowed with a wealth of sacred memories. Every foot of the land bore the marks of Sam's toil-worn hands. The quiet beauty, the soft stillness of the night, soothed and comforted Martha. It brought to her an acute realization of the fact that this farm home was something that money could not buy. No price was too great to save it for themselves and for the ones who would come after them. It was more than a farm—it was a sanctuary. Awed and grateful, she went back to her bed. In the darkness of the quiet room a deep content carried her into untroubled slumber.

THE next morning she began all over again to make her plans for Christmas. This time she would plan a Christmas without money. She was not going to let a paltry hundred dollars spoil the most blessed day of the whole year. One did not need money to commemorate Christmas—at least not much. She would dip deep into her own life. Surely she had garnered treasures enough to share with others for one year. She would make this one of the most beautiful Christmas seasons they had ever known.

Weeks went by, and cold autumn skies were clouded with a flurry of snowflakes as winter made its appearance. Soon the fields were covered with a soft mantle, undulating drifts swung out along the foothills,

and the streams were locked in ice.

Martha did dip deep, even as she had promised herself. In memory she went back into the years, and out of the hallowed drama of the past she materialized many fleeting memories: Recipes of old favorite home dishes, booklets containing the children's pictures and their funny little sayings and doings, maxims and slogans that had been household jokes during the years, choice poems, bits of humor and philosophy, souvenirs they had loved and treasured.

Then there were relics and heirlooms of value and beauty. Why not pass some of them on to the children this year? Sam gave his enthusiastic approval and helped Martha to pack the boxes. They included in each box cartons of home-grown popcorn and dried sweet corn, bottles of crystal clear honey, and bright luscious apples.

When they began addressing the boxes and parcels, they were puzzled as to where they should send Bonny Lou's remembrance.

"We had better send it with Diana's," was Martha's decision. "I think Bonny Lou and Bob plan on getting home for Christmas."

"Well, if they're not already there, they'll never make it for Christmas, unless they go around, and that means an extra hundred miles. No one has tackled the pass since the big storm last week."

"Well, let us hope that they're already there."

"But if they should be too late to get through the pass, Marthy, don't you suppose Bob would bring Bonny Lou here?"

"Yes, I'm sure he would. But Sam, suppose they should get caught in the storm out in the mountains. Why if anything should happen to that darling girl—" Martha's eyes filled with tears, and she choked up unable to say more.

"Nothin's goin' to happen to her, Marthy. The road is not open, so they'll not be startin' through the pass. Don't you worry."

"Sometimes I wonder if I don't love that girl too much," and she wiped her eyes gently.

"Now I'd like you to tell me just how a person would go about it to love an only granddaughter too much."

"She's sure got a big place in our hearts, Sam."

They decided to send Bonny Lou's parcel with Diana's things. When the boxes were ready, Sam took them to the post office. It brought a feeling of deep satisfaction to both of them to have everything in the mail a week before Christmas.

THE very morning before the eventful day, when Martha came into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, she found that Sam had already set the table, and her plate was turned down.

"Now Sam Hanford, what are you up to?" she demanded in assumed earnestness.

"Not a thing, Marthy," and Sam's expression became painfully solemn. As she came near the table, he hurried to warn her, "Now no fair peekin'; you know we always made the children wait."

"Of course I'm not peeking, but I'm sure wondering what prank you're playing on me."

"Marthy, I'm surprised!" and the twinkle in Sam's eyes belied his

gravity. "Whoever heard of me playin' a prank on you?"

Martha prepared the breakfast in record time. She really was curious to know why Sam had turned her plate down. After the regular devotion was over, she quietly lifted her plate.

"Sam, why Sam, where did this come from?" and she stared in wonder at a stack of crisp ten-dollar bills. She was too surprised to remember to count them until he explained that he was just paying back the loan for the taxes.

"You know very well that was not a loan, Sam. The taxes are as much my obligation as yours."

"I know, but the sheep man paid me for the use of the field yesterday. And I just said to myself, 'It's a dern poor farm that can't pay its own keep.' So there it is. Besides, we couldn't use your money to pay the taxes with. That's professional money. That's money for literachoor."

She wanted to answer Sam's merriment with some joke, but her eyes filled with tears; she did not trust her voice to reply. When Sam had finished eating and had left the room, she carefully folded up the ten ten-dollar bills and put them into the gray silk purse. It was a strange world, she mused. Here she was with one hundred dollars for Christmas and her gifts already wrapped and mailed.

She recalled some of the lean Christmas seasons when the children were home. Oh, what a blessing it would have been to have had the money then. Yet, those lean Christmases were the sweetest ones in her memory, for out of full hearts they had brought into their home the real spirit of the season. It was at one of these times that Sam had said to her, "Never mind, Marthy, if we can't buy presents. Its the gifts of the heart that count, and you've been givin' us them in full measure, all through the year."

AS Martha went about her morning's work, the puzzled expression on her face plainly showed that she had a problem to solve. She finally decided that her needy neighbors were her first consideration. So when the noon meal was over, she put on her warm wraps and made her way across the fields to their homes. Alice Johnson came running out to meet her, her face alight with good news.

"My, you look happy, Alice." Martha's arm went around the slender girl's shoulders, "You look as if Santa Claus might have been here already."

"Oh, he has, Mrs. Hanford, he surely has. Mother's check for the turkeys came day before yesterday. We should have had it long ago, only it was delayed in the mail because of the Christmas rush. But it's here now, and we're all so happy we're just dancing for joy."

Widow Johnson's face was as animated as Alice's. Christmas preparations were nearly completed. The household was vibrant with a spirit of gladness.

When Martha left them a half hour later, her heart was singing, too.

She stumbled along the half obliterated path that led to Lem Flinders' cabin. Rapping lightly on his door she waited, expecting to hear a glum call for her to enter. To her surprise, the door swung wide, and

Lem, with a beaming countenance, welcomed her warmly.

"Well," he announced, when she was seated, "the impossible has at last come to pass. They've looked up my record in Washington and everything's O. K. I'm going to get my insurance. In fact, I've already got some of the money that was past due."

"I'm certainly glad to hear the good news, Lem," and Martha's bright smile confirmed her pleasure. She rejoiced to note that his face shone with contentment and satisfaction. It was good to know that the old man had at last found peace of mind.

It was not far from Lem's cabin to Molly Gregory's little home where Martha found Molly singing lustily as she applied her industrious fingers and a wooden hook to the task of hooking a bright colored rug.

"It's glad I am to be seein' you, Marthy," announced Molly, opening the door wide in welcome. "Such a good fortune has befallen me that I am wantin' that my neighbors should hear of it, but with the paths so deep and slippery and me so uncertain on my feet I dare not venture out to be tellin' them."

"I'm sure I'll be as happy to hear the good news as you will be to tell it," was Martha's assurance. "Your little room is fairly singing with good cheer."

"Good cheer it is indeed, Marthy, and no one knows better than you of the braided rugs I've been at this live-long winter. Well, I've sold 'em, and for a handsome price at that. Why I'm that happy that I can't stop singin'. I honestly sometimes wonder if it's a dream or if it's reality."

MOLLY'S happy laughter was good to hear. It was still ringing in Martha's ears when she reached home. Removing her wraps, she stirred the fire to a bright blaze and sat down in the big easy chair before the hearth. She opened her small gray purse and taking out the roll of new bills smoothed them one by one across her knee.

"I had so hoped," she mused, "that they would bring Christmas cheer to some one, but they don't seem to be needed at all." She rolled them up and put them back into the purse. Suddenly the bills in the little gray bag seemed to have lost their value.

She laid her purse on the table and reached for her knitting, as Sam sauntered into the room. With his back to the fire, he warmed his hands while his kind eyes looked lovingly across at Martha.

"Well, Marthy, Christmas is nearly over."

"How do you figure that, Sam, when it doesn't even begin until tomorrow?"

"Oh, I mean the makin' ready for it."

"Oh, to be sure, and I've enjoyed it this year, too." The resignation in her voice brought a twinkle to Sam's eyes, which was lost to Martha as she plied her needles industriously.

"Yes," he mused, "it's comforting to have plenty of money for a day like Christmas." She knew what was coming and did not reply, but her needles clicked faster than ever.

"Well, Marthy," and his voice was pathetically serious, "it's a dad-

was a bright array of gay wrappings and happy messages.

"There's no card or anything here from Bonny Lou." Martha's voice betrayed her anxiety.

"May be in with Diana's parcel; open it, and we'll see." Sam adjusted the fuel in the grate and brushed the dust from his hands. The glowing fire soon lent its cheer to the big room. Hearing some one approach, he opened the door. A telegraph messenger greeted him cheerily.

"Sign right here," the boy directed. Sam's fingers trembled as he affixed his signature. To Sam and Martha there was always something ominous about a telegram. But this one was different. A flaming poinsettia and cheery Christmas streamers met their gaze as they scanned the sheet anxiously.

"Lovely boy born Christmas Eve stop Mother and baby doing fine stop—"

"Hooray for Bonny Lou and Bob! Think of it, Marthy, you're a great-grandmother," and Sam embraced her and kissed her excitedly.

"Hold on a minute, Sam, let me see that telegram."

"Well, look at it. It says they're goin' to call him Sam—Samuel Robert Hallaway mor'n likely. Now ain't that a high-soundin' name?" and he waltzed Martha around the room.

"That's not what I'm thinking of. Look here!" Again they bent over the paper. "It says Hanford Ranch. Sam, they didn't make it through the pass. They're at the ranch."

"Yes, they must be at the ranch. They must have phoned that message in from Riley's place. But this says everything's all right."

"What in the world will they do at that old ranch house?" Martha's brow was wrinkled with misgiving.

"Now don't be runnin' down the ranch house, Marthy. I was born there myself, and it's still the best lookin' house in that neck of the woods."

"But it's been empty for months. Unless Mrs. Riley has fixed it up, it's just impossible. There's no rugs or curtains or bedding or anything—just the bare furniture."

"Well," mused Sam, scratching his chin, "a hundred dollars is a hundred dollars in any man's language. I see your money takin' wings mighty fast, Marthy. Also I see a certain sunny beach slowly fadin' from view, while the song of the sea is growin' fainter and fainter."

"Sam, will you stop your mooning around and help me to get things ready? We're going to Bonny Lou. You know just as well as I do that nothing could drag you away to any warm southern beach while Bonny Lou's up at the ranch house with that new baby."

"Very well, what can I do?"

"Bring me a basket from the basement, please, and I'll pack the lunch while you get the car ready."

"In a few minutes Sam was back with the basket. He had remembered to bring up some large red apples and bottles of cranberries, sweet pickles, and pears. Then he hurried out to the garage.

Martha was rushing from kitchen to pantry. She adjusted linen napkins between her best china dinner plates as she fitted them into one end of the basket. She kept counting the various articles on her fingers

to make sure that nothing was forgotten.

"The old jitney's in good shape," Sam announced, as he came back to the kitchen. "If the roads are open, we ought to be able to make it in pretty good time."

"If we get started right away, we'll be there in time for dinner with Bob and Bonny Lou, even if she does have to eat in bed propped up with pillows. We're taking the turkey and pudding and everything," Martha informed him. "I can just see how their faces will light up when we come tiptoeing in."

"Bonny Lou will likely be in Mother's bedroom," Sam was serious, "and maybe the little feller will be in the old wooden cradle that Father made for me."

"Oh, it is going to be a great trip, Sam, across the foothills and up the valley, with that snow shining all over everything like a million diamonds."

Sam sat down before the fire, but he made no reply.

"You want to go, don't you, Sam?" There was solicitude in Martha's voice.

"You haven't heard me say anything about not goin' have you?"

"No, but you don't seem very enthusiastic about it."

"Who would be? After waitin' for forty years to go on a honeymoon to the sunny south, who would be enthusiastic about a trip back to the old ranch through snow crotch-deep to a tall Injun? I'm askin' you, Marthy, do you call that romance?"

"I'll say I call that romance. I know you don't mean a word you're saying, Sam, but just the same I'd like to remind you that the old ranch is the place where we first met and where we were married and spent our honeymoon. Besides, Bonny Lou is there. And if there wasn't a stick of furniture in the place it would still be romance, if Bonny Lou was there."

Sam chuckled softly. Martha looked up from the lunch basket, suddenly realizing that she was getting sentimental. An understanding smile passed between them.

"Don't forget little Sammy," and his voice was as gentle as the softly humming kettle on the stove, "it ain't every couple, Marthy, that can have a bran' new great-grandchild to go to on Christmas mornin'."

CHRISTMAS FIRES

By Evelyn Wooster Viner

When the Yule log on the fire burns
With wintry winds outside,
It seems an easy thing to say,
" 'Tis well whate'er betide."

When wintry winds are in our hearts,
The hearth fire but a spark,
And Yuletide joy seems far away,
Then life indeed is dark.

Oh! Let us hold the Christmas cheer
All the long year 'round
That through the world good will and joy
May bountifully abound.

Long Live Your Poinsettia

By Dorothy Nell Mair

THE floral shops are filled at Christmas time with thousands of potted poinsettias that will find their way into just as many homes. Because of the beautiful sentiment each plant expresses, we wish to preserve its loveliness as long as possible. There is something very alluring about the flaming red tongues, the leaves surrounding the inconspicuous flower, that

makes us reluctant to see them droop and fall. They need not perish too soon. A little proper handling will preserve them for weeks after Christmas Day has faded with the old year.

Poinsettias are touchy. Like hollyhocks and poppies, they are almost too perishable to be good cut flowers. When the stems are cut, they bleed freely. In the days before potted plants became popular as gifts and poinsettias were used as cut flowers, the stems were charred or dipped into boiling water to seal the ends and to prevent the milky sap from draining too quickly. They were then placed into deep water of room temperature and allowed to soak for several hours before being arranged into bouquets. An important thing to remember for any cut flowers included in your Christmas bouquet is to have the water in which they are to be placed of room temperature rather than ice cold. Water too cold will chill and shock the flowers.

Your potted poinsettias are much more easily taken care of than those that are cut, but even so, they can still be called temperamental. It is well to remember that they are tropical and semi-tropical shrubs, natives of Mexico, introduced into the United States in 1828. The actual flower is what appears to be the yellow center, and the red tongues or bracts that surround it are leaves not petals. These leaves are the most attractive part of the plant and the reason we admire it. In the garden where the roots have room for expansion, plants grow to a height of fifteen feet and more. The potted shrub is considerably dwarfed. Poinsettia roots rebel immediately at extremes of dryness or moisture; soil should be kept damp but not soggy. Temperature is of vital consideration and should be held at sixty-five or seventy degrees. A slight chill will cause the red bracts and green leaves to fall. If you awaken some morning to find your poinsettia looking sick it has probably been chilled during the night when the temperature of

(*Continued on page 876*)

A Song In The Cabin

By Maryhale Woolsey

THERE was a streak of gold in the western sky, mirrored thinly in the gray lake across the valley. The clouds overhead hung cold and threatening, lower than an hour ago; against them the rims of the mountains were less sharply defined. It would storm before morning, Libbeth told herself. And it would be snow, if she did not mistake this clean nippy tang of the air.

Snow! Winter at hand again! Well, it was nearly December; the fall had been beautiful. Libbeth sighed, thinking of another winter in the cabin—the new house so nearly ready, yet they had to wait! Drawing her dark warm shawl close about her shoulders, she leaned against the side of the cabin and turned her eyes from the west to the north where, a little higher up the hill slope, the new house stood. It had a good stone foundation, walls of adobe, thick and snug, bright shingled roof, a small porch by the front door and a lean-to entrance at the back. Four big rooms there would be, with space for two more "some day" up under the gables—such a comforting thought after the years in a two-tiny-rooms cabin! Libbeth stretched out her arms, as if the very thought of spaciousness impelled her to reach out and ease cramped muscles.

It had been such a long time in the cabin. So many reverses had come, as if placed in their way to try them further—as if they had not borne trial enough for their devotion to the Gospel, even before coming here. One loss after another, disappointment after disappointment!

It didn't do much good to remind herself that many of the brethren and sisters who were her neighbors had suffered even more. Sister Abbie Hemmer, for instance, who had come in the early fifties, had known many hardships which Libbeth and Arden had not known, coming as they had over a now well established route almost free of such dangers as had confronted the earlier pioneers.

No, thinking of that didn't do Libbeth—in this mood—much good. It seemed only to intensify that rebellious questioning within her. Was it really worth the while, the sacrifices, the struggles, the giving up of comforts, pleasantries and niceties of living such as she had formerly known? Back home in Ohio there were still the ease and loveliness she had grown up in. . . .

Was it possible that less than seven years ago she had been that happy, carefree girl she now remembered so wistfully? Seven years—an incredibly short time to have contained such an eternity of experiences!

Oh, she was tired of toil and anxiety and an unending caravan of deprivations, tired of two small rooms in a cabin; tired of odors of food cooking on a broken stove, smell of wash-suds, fresh milk and new cheese, of ripened fruit demanding attention. . . .

Libbeth caught herself up sharply. She wouldn't think of these things as being always so disagreeable as they had been recently. Ar-

den would be deeply grieved if he should learn the things that were in her heart. Arden had no regrets for his sacrifices, and he, too, had given up much.

It had seemed little enough, at first—a privilege to give up home, friends, position, even family, for the sake of the Gospel. Of all their intimate circle, they two only had been converted to Mormonism. The sentiment of their community had been bitterly antagonistic. Jervis Mead, Libbeth's father, had tempestuously opposed Libbeth's and Arden's interest in the Mormons:

"If you join them," he had said, "I'll want never to lay eyes on either of you again. Nor shall your mother, if I can help it. . . ."

So it had been. Once, Libbeth believed, her mother had made an effort to see her. Coming home one evening, she thought she detected a faint fragrance in the room, a perfume Alice Mead always wore. Her mother had been there; perhaps she would come again . . . but she had not come again.

Soon thereafter, Arden and Libbeth had come West to the city of the Saints. They would have a new home there, in the thriving new community; they would find opportunities among others who shared the same beliefs, the same ideals.

Almost from the first, disappointment had been their lot. One of their four horses died mysteriously; another Arden had lent to a fellow-traveler who had a similar misfortune. It had been necessary to lighten their load, so they had stored part of their furniture at Fort Laramie. Libbeth's cabinet organ had been among these, and there had never been money to spare to bring it on. She missed the organ particularly; she had loved her music. Would she ever be able to play again, she wondered? Her fingers were growing stiff from lack of practice and from the hardening toil.

THE streak of gold was fading fast, the shadows deepening. Her ear caught the sound of wagon wheels approaching. Little Ardena heard them, too, and ran down the hill to meet her father and ride home on top of his load of wood. Libbeth's heart lifted somewhat, as it always did at his coming, as if just his nearness shifted some of her burdens onto his stronger shoulders.

She felt almost abused when Arden, after supper, went out with a lantern to hitch up the horses again.

"I have to go to town," he said. Shortly, she thought, as if he feared she might ask questions.

"I'm . . . making home unpleasant for him. If I lose him, too, if his love should grow cold . . . I could not bear it. And I should deserve it, too, for my moods and discontent. What shall I, what can I, do?"

She put the babies to bed, silently. Little Joey was sound asleep in his cradle, and Ardena in her little bed was on the border of slumberland when Arden came home. He drove close to the cabin door, and curious, she opened it . . . to see him and a man she did not know lifting something tall and heavy from the wagon to the ground. She moved aside as they carried it through the doorway.

"Arden! It's not—oh, Arden! The organ!" she cried, and stood, dumb with surprise, while they tugged and pushed and lifted until it stood against the farther wall. The strang-

er left, with a nod and smile to Libbeth as he passed her.

"Oh, Arden!" Libebth went over and stood stroking the smooth dark wood of the cabinet. "How — when?"

"Your Christmas present, Libbie," Arden said. "It's early, but I was afraid the roads might delay it, later."

Ardena had roused and climbed out of bed. In her small long gown she stood wonderingly watching. Arden took her up into his arms.

"Might we have a song, do you think?" he said to Libbeth, and his voice was wistful. "It's been so long . . . a mighty long time since I heard you singing, honey."

A flood of self-accusation rushed over her. While she had been moping, he had been planning this great surprise for her!

"Oh, yes! Yes, of course!" she cried. "Only . . . I'm so surprised I can hardly talk — let alone sing! Of course I will!"

Eagerly, she started to raise the cover and was puzzled to find it resisting. She pushed, pulled, pushed again, her puzzlement changing to alarm. Maybe the wood had warped . . . though it looked all right. . . .

Anxiously, she thrust her hand upward inside the cover, feeling carefully underneath for anything that might be the cause of the trouble. She caught her breath with relief as she found it—the corner of a thick envelope protruding from the back. With a little difficulty she drew it forth. With her first glance at the penciled writing on its face, she gasped and grew faint. Arden put his arm quickly around her to steady her.

"I'm all right, dear. I just felt startled. This is Mother's writing."

"Your mother's?" Arden repeated. "But—why, Libbeth!"

The two stood staring, unbelieving. For Libbeth had drawn forth the contents of the envelope, and in her hand was a packet of greenbacks and a brief note, which presently she read wonderingly:

"My darling daughter:

"I have heard that you are going West. I dare not try to see you; you know how our friends feel about you, and your father and I do not care to risk their disfavor by being friendly to any Mormons.

"But I want you to have this money. It is my own, and I think even your father would not mind too much your having it, though he would never admit this; you know he seldom retracts anything he has said. I intend to come to your house when you are away and leave this where it will be safe until you find it.

"Please remember, dear child, that though this strange new religion which you have adopted may be the means of separating us forever, I shall never cease to love you and to pray that all may be well with you and yours. God bless you, and dearest love to you both.

"Alice Mead."

Libbeth was crying softly as she finished reading. "Arden, remember that day I said her perfume was in the room when we came home? That was the time; I know it. She hid this under the organ cover, and it slipped back out of sight. It's been there all this time. Arden, take it! It frightens me to have so much of it in my hands at once!"

He said, smiling, yet with a sober note in his voice, "It does look like a young fortune. I'll keep it till you're ready to use it for whatever purpose you wish."

"Our house, Arden! Maybe now we can finish it so we can move in!

There's nothing I want so much! Why, maybe we can do all the things at once—get the rest of our things brought on, buy the new stove and heater and the store carpet for the parlor." She was laughing and crying, and the sight frightened little Ardena so she began to whimper.

"There, you lamb, Mother's all right. Listen, I'll sing you a song!"

Haltingly, and with errors which amused while they dismayed her, she played and sang—old love ballads, a hymn or two. There was no longer any gloom in the cabin but only gladness and cheer. Not alone what the money would mean, Libbeth told herself, but the message from her mother. She reread the note several times before putting out the lamp at her bedside.

She understood, now, a part of her discontentment which heretofore she had not guessed. It was homesickness, wanting her mother. A wife and mother herself, but still deep within her was a little-girl heart longing to know her own mother's love. Now she had assurance of that love, "dearest love" which would never cease.

In bed she cried for awhile, muffling her sobs in the pillow lest she awaken the children; Arden lay awake beside her, puzzled and awkward in his attempts to comfort her.

"It was a crazy place to put all that money," he remarked after awhile. "It might have been lost forever!"

Libbeth stirred eagerly. "Probably she has thought of that, too. Arden, I'm going to write her. I think she should know."

"That," he agreed, "would be kind, I think."

"I'll tell her all about us. Arden, Mother doesn't even know she has a grandchild, to say nothing of two of them! I'll write the first thing tomorrow!"

THEY moved into the new house just three days before Christmas. The miracle of telegraphy, starting their stored goods out within a few hours after their decision, made possible the arrival of things in time to add to the excitement and pleasure.

What a Christmas it was to be! Libbeth had gifts for each of the family, including one great extravagance, a small gold pendant and chain for Ardena. That was the child's gift from the grandmother she might never know, and it was of a quality fine enough to treasure through the years.

Inside the new house it was warm and cozy. Deep snow came the day after they were established there, and the feathery flakes piled against the windows and the doorsills. Within, Libbeth played, and Arden and Ardena sang with her, and even baby Joe seemed to try valiantly to join them, making queer lovable sounds. The organ stood grandly in the parlor, near the sitting-room door where—thanks to the new heater—Libbeth could always play in comfort. There was a fireplace in the parlor itself; they planned to light the first fire there on Christmas Eve.

They had a tree, too. A symmetrical young spruce, deep green and fragrant. Festoons of popcorn decked it, and bright-colored tapers awaited the time for lighting.

As a Christmas Eve surprise for Arden, Libbeth had secretly taught

their little girl to sing "Silent Night". Very nicely she sang it, while he stood in the sitting-room doorway and gave flattering attention,

"She's going to be a real singer!" he boasted. "Maybe some day we'll have a particular interest in the big choir, eh, Mother?"

That was a new dream, exciting and wonderful. Already the fame of the great domed Tabernacle was spreading over the world. Its majestic pipe organ was the marvel of all the valleys. It was being said that with the coming of the railroad people would journey from many lands just to see and hear it. That would not be long now; day by day the shining rails were reaching out farther into the wilderness, bringing nearer the time when Utah would be bound to the nation by a strong steel girdle.

Voices, hallooing from the street, broke into Libbeth's mental wanderings. She followed as Arden went to answer. There were two people coming up the path from the gate. A small fur-wrapped lady came running across the porch and into Libbeth's eager arms. Behind her came a tall man with square shoulders and an erect bearing.

"Mother! Why—my own mother! And Father—how in the world —when—why—?" They were senseless, mixed-up greetings, questions tossed out without need or expectancy of reply. Confusion, joyous, thrilling confusion!

Only after a long time, after they had eaten and cleared everything away, and gathered at last around the bright fire, did the conversation become intelligible and consistent.

"Oh, we had to come—after your letter," Alice Mead said. "When we knew about the children—"

"We!" Grandfather Mead laughed loudly. "We! Don't you believe it. It was she who's responsible. It was rank insubordination, that's what it was. 'I'm going to spend Christmas with my daughter and my grandchildren,' she said to me, 'and you may come along if you wish.' Yes, sir, just like that! And what else could I do, if she'd risk her neck in a crazy stage-coach journey through your incredible mountains at this season, what could I do but come along to look after her?"

"Not a thing else!" Libbeth laughed. She saw through her father's bluff, she told herself joyously. He was as glad as his little spunky wife was, to be here. It was good to have them here, her father and her mother, sitting with her own family in this spirit of joy and companionship!

THE gladness of living was strong upon her now. She was proud of her house, its snug warmth, its comfort, its lamps burning clear and bright, its atmosphere of love and contentment; proud of her children, blue-eyed Ardena, quiet and wondering in her grandmother's lap, and baby Joey, toddling from father to grandfather and back again with impartial affection; proud of the conversation which had turned to boasting of the progress and growth and the wonders being wrought here in the valleys of the mountains.

"Why, I expected a desert!" said Jervis Mead.

"But you find the desert blossoming as a rose!" Arden's face glowed. "And I tell you, there are riches beyond our dreams waiting to unfold for us in this land—pre-

cious metals in our mountains, fine grazing lands and fertile farm sites in every direction, no end of possibilities for industry of all kinds. We made no mistake in coming nor in making these people our people; did we, Libbeth?"

"No mistake!" she agreed. "There's no place I'd rather have my babies growing up!" The light in her eyes told them what the warmth in her heart was telling her —that this which she had spoken was really true. "No place in all the world!"

"No place in all the world!" The words went through her mind over and over again—singing words, a song which had been born long ago, born in the little cabin even while she was too discontented to know.

Jervis Mead was speaking again. "I hope you'll forgive me, you two, for the past. No one has a right to dictate to another what he shall believe. I'm sincere in saying that. Even if I don't quite agree with the Mormon teachings, you people out here have my respect and admiration. I'd like to feel that we can be friends, and I'd like to feel that we, here in this house, are friends and more—are one family, and will always be; that you and I, Arden, are father and son."

"Why, of course."

"I mean, my boy, caring deeply, as these women would like to have us. And these babies. . . " he was taking Joey up into his arms again.

"Look at him," said Jervis Mead, looking into little Joey's wide, confident baby eyes. "He really likes me. How about you, my lad?"

"You're right, sir. We'll be close to each other, always."

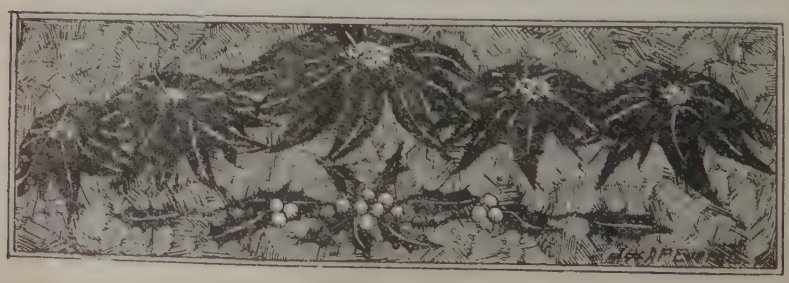
"We'll make it a Christmas gift to the women we love, eh? A gift of peace and good will!"

Their clasped hands sealed the compact.

Just then, Ardena slipped down from the grandmother's knee and came toward her mother.

"The candles, now, Mudther, light the candles!"

They put out the lamps, so there would be only the candles and the lowering firelight in the room. One by one the tapers gleamed out, until the room was mellow with the light of them. Each one, though but a tiny glimmer, was a symbol of the Star of long ago whose light was renewed and would continue to be renewed each year where hearts admitted the Christmas spirit of love and harmony. Each candle was an infinitesimal but certain testimony that the Star which hung over Bethlehem, had shone with a Light eternal.



The Relief Society and the Welfare Plan

By Eva W. Darger

Director of Relief Society Employment Bureau

ONE phase of welfare work in which the Relief Society has been actively interested during its entire history is the finding of employment for women and girls of the Church. At the present time, when so much stress is being placed upon securing work for the unemployed, the efforts of this department have been greatly increased.

The Relief Society Employment Department concerns itself almost entirely with domestic service, which includes housekeepers, general house workers, mothers' helpers, cooks, nurse maids, laundresses, day workers and practical nurses. An average of two hundred and fifty domestic workers are placed by this department each month.

Although there are no definite legal standards to regulate this group of workers, we are doing all we can to raise the standards and requirements of the homes as well as those of the workers through our placement procedure.

The procedure includes investigations for satisfactory and permanent placements, adjustment of difficulties, friction and misunderstandings, coordination of training and placement, informal discussion with employers and employees before placement, and follow-up work.

A personal interview with each individual applicant is necessary, during which the history of the person, her education, experience, training and fitness for the position applied for is thoroughly discussed. References from former employers as to experience, ability and character are checked, and the applicant is classified accordingly. If the applicant is inexperienced, personal references for character and background from reliable sources are required; then, the best opportunity for the applicant to consider is suggested. Many older women, untrained in any particular field, who are forced into the business world are helped to find employment as domestic workers, nurses or day workers.

Some follow-up work after placement is carried on in order to see if the arrangement is satisfactory and if the worker is making progress. The workers are encouraged to make personal visits to the office during time off for counsel and advice. Most employees, the younger workers especially, express their appreciation of this service and are grateful to know that we are interested in their progress and anxious for their success.

The standard, fundamental requirements of a good housework position are: Reasonable and definite hours, sanitary and comfortable living and working conditions, systematized work, steady employment, opportunities for advancement, freedom from social stigma, and adequate wages. Some standard requirements necessary to the employee,

which will help to bring about better cooperation and greater harmony within the home, are: A good character—honest, reliable and conscientious; a willingness to learn; an alert and active interest in the job; a good physical record; a neat, clean, tidy appearance; a sense of responsibility.

The Bureau of Vocational Counsel of Boston has listed several outstanding vocational stumbling blocks to success which workers might avoid. Some of them are: Not realizing that successful working depends upon successful living; inability to cooperate with people; choosing a job entirely for the money involved; underestimation or ovestimation of one's abilities; trying to do too much at a time rather than progressing gradually; using dull times as a constant source of pessimistic attitudes; inattention to spiritual qualities.

Our biggest task today is restoring employment to workers, not merely finding the man or woman a job but finding the right job for the man or woman. In order to accomplish this, vocational guidance is provided by the Relief Society Employment Service. Counsel and assistance are given girls and women contemplating employment as well as those not happily adjusted in their present work in order that they may obtain greater insight into their own aptitudes, capacities, traits, skills, knowledge, and background. They are encouraged to secure any additional education or training necessary for available employment opportunities and to make the most of educational, recreational and other opportunities provided by the community.

With an understanding knowledge of human beings, skill in dealing with other people's problems and with a desire to strengthen and encourage the individual's faith in herself, this program of providing employment for women is being carried on.

A SONG

Across Judean hills arose
A song, the angels singing;
It touched the stillness of the night
Softly as church bells ringing.
A song of peace—peace and good will
From Holy realms above
For all the tired hungry hearts
Who felt need of His Love.
A song—immortal, heaven born—
We'd hear it if we would;
Look to Him now, for angels sing,
Still sing of brotherhood.

—*Sylvia Probst.*

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

DECEMBER—Happiness lies in remembrance of simple things: Children's laughter, opening buds, birds' songs, fragrant flowers, fleecy clouds, autumn tints, scented pines, frosted trees and snow-capped hills.

MOTHER GOOSE, Alice in Wonderland, Snow White, The Wizard of Oz, Little Black Sambo, Ferdinand and all the wonderful people of Fairyland are with us once again, and little children wander up and down the gaily decorated avenues and brilliant lanes of stores in wonder and delight.

MOBLEY LUSHANYA, an American Indian of the Chickasaws, is singing this winter with the Chicago Opera company in the title role of *Aida*. Lushanya, meaning bird that sings, was a protege of Tetrazzina and made her operatic debut in Trieste, Italy in 1937.

MARIE OGILVIE GORDON, 24 years Vice-President and later Hon. President of the International Council of Women, died last October. Mrs. Gordon was a distinguished scholar. She graduated from the University of London as the first woman Doctor of Science and obtained degrees of Doctor of Philosophy from Berlin and Munich Universities. Because of her academic achievements and public service, King George V created her Dame of the Order of the British Empire in 1935.

MME. MARIE POPP, President of the Legal and Political Association for the Emancipation of Women of Rumania, is a member of the Rumanian Senate.

HORTENSE ODLUM of New York and native of Utah has written a book, "A Woman's Place," in which she tells her experience in the business world.

ROXANNA GUNNELL, Lula Olsen, and Jennie Binkerd of Utah are the first women to serve on a federal grand jury. Mrs. Gunnell was elected foreman.

ALICE BRADY, celebrated stage and screen star, died recently in New York. Among her greatest creations were Mrs. O'Leary in "Old Chicago" and Meg in "Little Women."

MINDWELL CHIPMAN HUNTER, faithful Latter-day Saint worker and for sixteen years President of the Eighth Ward Relief Society, died early in the year in Portland, Oregon.

HANNAH ALDRICH, Handcart pioneer of Utah, recently celebrated her 99th birthday at her home in Mt. Pleasant. Among the presents was a cake with 99 candles.

NAOMI JACOBS has written another fascinating novel, "This Porcelain Clay." Margaret Flint, author of "Old Ashburn Place," prize novel, has a new novel, "Breakneck Brook," with a Maine setting. Marjory Shuler, first woman to circumnavigate the world in commercial planes, has written the story of her great adventure, "A Panegyric to Adventure."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - - President
AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
KATE M. BARKER - - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

THE GENERAL BOARD

Emma A. Empey
Annie Wells Cannon
Lalene H. Hart
Cora L. Bennion
Rosannah C. Irvine
Nettie D. Bradford
Ida P. Beal
Marcia K. Howells
Emeline Y. Nebeker
Janet M. Thompson
Belle S. Spafford
Donna Durrant Sorensen
Vivian R. McConkie
Leda T. Jensen
Beatrice F. Stevens
Rae B. Barker
Nellie O. Parker
Anna S. Barlow

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. XXVI DECEMBER, 1939 No. 12

EDITORIAL

What Does Christmas Mean To You?

WORDS are strange things—an articulate sound or combination of sounds which symbolize an idea. They take on meaning in the light of the life experiences of the hearer; for example, the word "mother" brings a certain picture to one person while to another it may recall something quite different. Words have fine connotations; what may be "honest" to me may not be "honest" to you. Words have great power: They stimulate the intellect; they stir the emotions; they influence behavior.

Probably no one word is exerting a greater influence upon our emotions, our thinking, our planning and our doing at the present time than the single word "Christmas". What does "Christmas" connote to you? Does it bring to mind a virgin mother, a tiny babe, a lowly manger? Do you picture shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, the glory of the Lord shining round about them, an angel choir praising God and saying, "on earth peace, good will toward men"? Does your heart fill with gratitude for God's greatest gift to man? Are you stirred with a desire to serve Him more devotedly, to love His children more sincerely? Thousands there are the world over to whom the word "Christmas" suggests such thoughts. Christmas to them is "observance".

To others the word conveys a distinctly opposite picture—one of hilarious debauchery, the gratification of extravagant wants, reckless spending, the overindulgence of physical appetites, excessive eating, intemperate drinking—excesses which can only bring distress, remorse and a general lowering of the quality of the individual. Christmas to them is "celebration".

Many there are to whom the word suggests excitement, overwork, anxiety, worry, self-denial. The day looms before them as something which must be met, which must be lived through, but which will be a "good thing over with".

The majority of individuals, however, find their hearts beating in joyous anticipation in response to the

word "Christmas". It means giving, receiving, sharing, sacrificing. It is a happy, joyous time—a time when all are made glad. Like the streets and the shops, hearts are light, made bright by an inward flame of love for mankind.

So pronounced is the feeling of love, so generous are hearts, that wisdom does not always dictate our Christmas expressions. Often sacrifices are made out of proportion to the requirements of the day. People deny themselves important things that they may be lavish in their giving. All too often debts are incurred which become a burden as we move into the New Year, and Christmas joys are made dull by the heavy load. This is particularly true in the case of parents providing for their children. Children have so many wants, so many desires in this day. Everything contributes to whetting these wants—the shops, radio, magazine and newspaper advertising, door-to-door salesmen, the plans of playmates and companions. Parents can scarcely bear the thought of denying the child his Christmas wants; in many cases great sacrifices are made in order to gratify them. Sacrifice is good—it stamps out selfishness, it develops the individual, it brings its compensations. But should parents always be the ones to make the sacrifice? Would it not be a wholesome thing for the child to make sacrifice also, to forego some of his desires? In making too great sacrifices, may we not be indulging the selfishnesses of our children, denying them one of the greatest gifts parents can give—the opportunity for character development?

Cooperation is a sound principle of happy living. Why not apply it in our Christmas observance? Let the family plan and work together, each making his contribution in the form of sharing, giving and sacrificing. Then the great gift of self-development, family unity and stability, true happiness, will come to all.

A happy Christmas must be dominated by our intelligence as well as our emotions. It will always remain a challenge to the best that is in us. It should not be a time of indulgence nor of stress and strain because of our imperfect approach to it. It should not debase the fundamental ideals of Christianity.

Let us not place too high a value upon the things which money can buy. Let us develop an appreciation of the desirability of the immaterial as a source of happiness and satisfaction. Let us emphasize the type of happiness which no amount of money can ever buy. Then the word "Christmas" will have its proper connotation—peace, good will, love, joy.

Items OF INTEREST

Notes From The Field

"NOTES FROM THE FIELD" have told a wonderful story of the Relief Society as it is reflected in the work of the organizations all over the world. We are very grateful for the beautiful pictures and the interesting items. Those which have not been used will appear in a later issue of the *Magazine*. This month we are happy to yield our space to the Magazine Honor Roll. This excellent report is in reality "Notes From The Field".

Attention: Literary Class Members

THE BENT TWIG by Dorothy Canfield Fisher will be used in substitution for the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* by Ibanez. The book will be available at the Deseret Book Company the latter part of December. The purchase price will not exceed $1.00.

Pan-American Good Will Tour

THE General Board of Relief Society helped entertain the five outstanding women of Central and South America who are making a Good Will Tour throughout the United States and who made a brief stop in Salt Lake City, Saturday, November 4. This trip is in a measure a return visit for a similar tour through the Latin-American countries led by our Mrs. Burton W. Musser in 1937, with great results of new friendliness and better Pan-American understanding. More than three hundred people who attended the luncheon in honor of the illustrious visitors came away with a new interest in the nations they represent and realizing that women the world over work for the same ideals—the improving and conserving of human life and above all the preservation of PEACE.

New Books

BOOK two of the Jimmy Microbe series, under the title of *Hitch-Hiking With Jimmy Microbe*, written by Virginia and Drew Jacobsen and Lyman L. Daines, M. D., all of Salt Lake City, made its appearance in the book stores of our country during the summer.

This book has succeeded in presenting an adventuresome story for children providing at the same time in a very clever and original way scientific counsel on good health habits.

A SECOND edition of *Heart Throbs of the West*, compiled by Mrs. Kate B. Carter and published by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, is now off the press. The book deals with 24 definite phases of Pioneer life. It contains many new human-interest stories as well as valuable historical facts. Pioneer life will always be of interest, and this new volume will add much to our appreciation of the history of the West.

Cathedral of Peace

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

RESUME—FIRST INSTALLMENT

CAROLYN EVANS thought she was being a good wife by working hard and saving consistently without complaint. She became so absorbed in petty details of work and saving that she could see nothing else. She had even forgotten how to neighbor with other ranch wives. Then with cruel bluntness her husband had refused to take her with him to a Stock Growers Convention. Hurt beyond words and sick with disappointment, she rushed away from the house to her

CATHEDRAL OF PEACE. This was a cottonwood grove in the "bottoms" pasture of the Idaho ranch that was her home. In the grove she could always find peace and quiet from the conflicting pressures of a discordant home and overbearing husband. Weeping there and asking herself "why?", she is accosted by

KANE HOLLAND, who is a rancher neighbor. He is a bachelor who in the past has been kind and considerate to Carolyn and her boys. Highly indignant over the treatment she receives from her husband, he offers her a way out via the divorce court. Carolyn is confused more than incensed. Realizing this, Kane leaves her to think things out alone. She is soon interrupted by

BOB EVANS, her first-born son. He is large and strong like his father but with much of his mother's shyness. Secretly, he thinks, he is in love with a newcomer to the valley. He refuses, however, to make any advances to her because of the condition of his home. In sympathizing with his mother over his father's neglect of her, he speaks highly of Kane Holland. That brings a warm glow to Carolyn's heart. She feels if she does leave her husband, she will have Bob's support. She lets him know, in a timid, indirect way, that Kane is in love with her. Bob startles her by exclaiming, "Good grief, Mother, be your age."

CHAPTER TWO

THE grim humor of her son's abrupt change in viewpoint struck Carolyn like a dash of ice water. She laughed, lightly at first, then wildly, hysterically. Tears so much a stranger to her, rolled down her cheeks. Bob's discomfort sharpened to alarm. He started to put an arm over her shoulder then drew back.

"Mother, please. I didn't — I don't mean—confound it, I don't know what I mean, but don't cry."

Like many reserved people, when Carolyn lost control she lost completely. Great racking sobs shook her.

"Mother, listen. If you don't stop crying I am going for Dad. You'll ruin yourself. Please, Mother."

Carolyn fought for control, but the long delayed storm was slow in passing. She missed with keen appreciation a loving arm about her, a shoulder to cry on. She was alone, completely alone. When she showed signs of control, Bob grew irritated again.

"That sounded as if I were running out on you, but I'm not, Mother. After all, you don't need to take what he's giving you."

"What can I do?"

"How do I know? That is your problem." His voice softened. "After all, it's your life and you can do what you please with it; but think of the mess. Breaking up a family is no small affair." He looked toward the Elkhorn and voiced a sudden thought. "He would not leave

her home alone while he went to the Convention. No one would make a doormat of her."

Carolyn tried to think. In that brief period when she had considered leaving she had counted on Bob to understand. She must have counted on all the children understanding and going with her. Carson, her second born, had always been resentful and sharp. He had never left doubts as to his likes and aversions. She had never felt entirely sure of him, but she had thought she was so certain of Bob. If she couldn't depend on Bob, would she dare mention such a thing to Carson? Bob had inferred she was a doormat. That hurt worse than his father's neglect. One crystal clear thought took possession of her. Divorce or not, Bob would never have occasion to speak of her in such a manner again.

"Okay." She borrowed his expression, and although he did not know it, the word, unfamiliar on her lips, was her whistle in the dark. "Do you want to go to the Elkhorn with me?"

"When?"

"Right now."

"For what?"

"To tell her I am going to learn not to be a doormat."

"You mean you are going to work in the Relief Society?" Then as she nodded, "but you know what Dad said about it last night."

"I know, but after all—" Something of her crushed pride, her terrible uncertainty, her groping determination, her need for love was transmitted to him. He caught her in his arms.

"Gee, Mom, you are grand. I'll go with you—all the way."

Reaching for his discarded shovel, he threw it over his shoulder, and they moved on to cross the narrow footbridge over West Fork, and on to the house.

"I'll drive you over," Bob offered, "or saddle a horse."

IN the pasture back of the corrals a man was watching their approach. Turner Evans was an older, heavier edition of his son Robert. Time had dealt kindly with him. He was straight and his muscles hard. Black hair, where it showed beneath his hat, was only lightly sprinkled with gray. His eyes had lost none of their alertness. As he watched the two, the muscles of his mouth settled into grim lines, but a great weariness battled irritatingly within him.

"She's been to that grove again. I've a mind to burn it down. Why doesn't she face things instead of always running away?"

The thought of the cottonwood grove was, to him, the waving of a red flag. Why didn't she develop a little spine instead of withdrawing. When she returned from the grove, she had a reserve an axe couldn't cut—and where did that leave him?

The inconsistency of the question added to his irritation. Perhaps he was harsh. Perhaps he was trying with his harshness to force her to—what was he trying to do? What was wrong with him? With her? He hadn't meant to hurt her so. No, he really hadn't. He set his lips grimly. He was leaving her home to keep her from experiencing a deeper hurt and a more devastating one. A mental picture of Carolyn dressed in what she called her "best" rose to plague him. Once he had

tried to explain to her. Once, for a period, he had gone to extremes in his attentions to her, hoping to hold fast something that was rapidly slipping away from him. But that, too, had been ineffective. Carolyn was just where she had been fifteen years ago. No, she was not—she was not that woman at all. The futility of it, the hopelessness of achieving any change, soured his vitals and sharpened his tongue. Imagine her beside the other wives. Imagine her beside—and long ago she had forgotten how to talk. Weariness won the battle temporarily. What was the use of it all? Where was the satisfaction life had once promised so abundantly? Where had they drifted? Carolyn, Carolyn, what has happened to us?

"I'll stay home myself." Then, immediately he thought, "No. I shan't do it. I won't stagnate."

A quick, clear vision of another woman came to him—a warm sympathetic woman, thoroughly feminine, yet who could give him the intellectual companionship for which he was so hungry. If only—but he thrust the thought aside. That thought was too dangerous to play with. Carolyn was his wife; he loved her, or once had, and a man didn't do such things to the mother of his children.

He looked at Bob, and his face softened. What a man he could be if only he didn't grow inward. He was so much like Carolyn there was more than a chance of it. He must be stern with him. He must whip him into shape. He left the pasture and met them in the yard. He meant to control himself, but habit was strong.

"It is time someone was getting here," he barked. "Where have you been?"

He was looking at Carolyn, but the son answered:

"Irrigating, as I was commanded."

"Get on a horse and ride to the east-line fence and see what is keeping Carson. I sent him down there six hours ago. He can kill more time when he rides in that direction than any two men I ever saw. Take another hammer and plyers along. He has the other stuff with him, or should have, but you can never tell."

Bob hesitated. "I was going to drive Mother over to the Elkhorn."

"That can wait." He glanced sharply at his wife. "Why does she want to go? You get that fence fixed. I want those yearlings in there before dark." Taking the shovel from the boy, he turned and left.

"Go on," Carolyn said, as Bob still hesitated. "Carson is probably at Semples, or Garden is with him. I wish he would stay away from her."

"What about telling Mrs. Straughn? You are not going to back down?"

Carolyn hesitated. This was a sample of the way she so easily lost control of a situation. Why try to fight? There was comfort, of a sort, in a beaten path. She glanced at her boy, and her resolution stiffened. No, she would not retreat.

"You ride by and tell her for me. Find Carson first; then you needn't hurry."

Seeing them still standing, the father called, "Did you hear me say I wanted that done in a hurry?"

"Go on," Carolyn urged. "Let's

not have any more fussing." She turned toward the house.

"Give in. That is always your solution," the boy accused; she went on without answering.

"WHERE have you been so long?" her five-year-old Judy greeted her as she entered the house. "Us twins looked and looked."

At the window Carolyn watched Bob prepare to ride away.

"Where is Bobby going?" Jerry, the more active of the twins demanded.

"I want to go with him," Judy announced suddenly and began calling, "Bobby, Bobby, wait for me."

They were both out of the house and after him in a flash. He stopped. Ordinarily, he would have put them in the saddle, and he would have ridden behind. This time he sent them back.

Carolyn's heart caught as he rode away. Horse and boy were a symphony of movement. All she had endured was as nothing to the joy of being the mother of this childman. Was peace worth his disapproval? But of what did he disapprove? Definitely, he resented any connection between her and Kane. Just as definitely he disapproved of her going on as she was. Did he have the right to prescribe the bounds of her existence? In one, two or three years at the most he would be gone. He could build his own life as he pleased, but what of her? Life would not last forever. In the too few years left hadn't she a right to some degree of happiness? Was it the fact that you had a master that counted, or who the master was?

Meanwhile, Bob had gone back the way they had come. Half a mile south through the trees he turned east to the fence. This was the "bottoms" land that during high water was a marsh and sometimes a lake. After the water receded, it made good pasture. The undergrowth and scattered clumps of trees kept the ground moist and cool. The grass grew rank and succulent.

Almost opposite Carolyn's Cathedral Bob found the break: A rush of water earlier in the season had loosened the fence. Carson had reset the posts but had not touched the wire. His horse, still saddled, was cropping near by, but the boy was not to be seen. Bob called once or twice but received no answer, so he went to work. This was like Cars to stop in the middle of a job. It was to be hoped he would show up soon. Bob must get through in time to go by the Elkhorn.

A hot sweet ecstacy flooded Bob at the thought of the Elkhorn. From an inner secret shrine he brought to remembrance The Girl, and strangely, she was the flesh and bone, the sparkle and wit, the intellect and gracious femininity of June Straughn. That was queer, he thought, for he had known The Girl for several years, and two months ago he hadn't heard of June Straughn. He still hadn't been introduced to her. He knew with the certainty of youth that no other girl would ever enter his shrine.

"Girls like her don't marry men like me," he thought, bitterly.

If things were different. If Dad treated his family as he did his neighbors. If Mother—he gave the staple he was placing a vicious blow. Confound Kane Holland, falling for a woman like Mother. Didn't any of them know their ages? One would think they were—he dropped his

hammer with the suddenness of thought. Did Kane feel toward Mother as he felt toward June? Absurd! They were old. They had had their day. Irritably, he stooped to recover his hammer. Poised to strike another blow at the staple, he stopped with another thought.

Would his day with June end when they became older? Suppose he should marry her, would he in years to come treat her as Dad treated Mother? This time the blows of the hammer threatened to dislodge the post. Heaven forbid! Better to have an unspoiled dream than a tarnished reality.

June's parents were still having their day. Even the most casual observer could be sure of that. It was that quality which made them so attractive. Maybe Mom missed that. Now, maybe she did. As for that, maybe Dad did. Once in a while, with Dad, you caught a glimpse of something. Could it be he had once felt as Bob felt now, strong as an ox with protectiveness, yet quivering with humility? Dad was a mighty decent person, too. He was good looking and popular. Some fellows in his shoes would have been chasers. Vaguely, he wondered if that had anything to do with Dad's irritation. When he thought of June—he groaned aloud. Why, why did some people, heads of families, get themselves in such messes? One thing was certain, they were messing up his life as well as their own.

"WHAT are you groaning about?" Bob looked around. Carson was standing beside him, and he was in an ill humor. Carson was shorter than Bob and slighter. While resembling his mother in looks, there was none of her quiet reserve about him. Every day he played through the entire emotional scale, and no one could predict what particular note he would strike at any given time.

"It's time you were showing up," Bob told him. "Dad is on the war path. Where have you been?"

"None of your business," Carson answered shortly, "I am old enough to take care of myself."

Bob sniffed. "It doesn't smell like it."

"And what are you going to do about it? If I want to smoke, I will. Semples are top people I'll have you know."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Picking up his discarded hammer, Carson banged furiously at an unoffending post. "And I mean yes. At least the atmosphere in their home doesn't pickle you. They are fun."

"Catch hold with your plyers. Now, pull. If they are such fun, why are you always cross after you have been there?"

Carson didn't answer, but when they were picking up their tools preparatory to leaving, he said:

"I can't stand an undercurrent nagging at me all the time. Why don't they fight and get it out of their systems. If I am ever crazy enough to marry—"

"Better get a strong willed gal," Bob interrupted, "or you will be worse than Dad. At that, you will probably fight."

"How about a sweet one who can twist me to her will?"

Bob, in the act of swinging into his saddle, stopped in alarm. "Listen, Kid, you stay away from that outfit. They are fun but—"

"Horsefeathers," Carson snorted, "and don't kid me. I am only two years younger than you. Let's have a swim."

Leaving their horses, they walked to the bank of the river two or three hundred yards away. The river, at the point they chose, was completely curtained with cottonwood and willows. It was shallow except about a bare, overhanging bluff where, in making a turn, the water had swept a hole. The slightly musty odor of the meadows, mingled with the fragrance of wild roses and tangy willows, was a challenge to their youth. Stripping quickly, they plunged in. The water was cold and slapped at their skin with an invigorating sting.

Later, as they were dressing, Carson said, "This is certainly a secluded spot. I believe you and I are the only ones that know about it. If I wanted to do any skullduggery, I'd come here for it."

"The cattle know about it," Bob indicated. "They probably use this bluff to shade up on. So you can depend on humans knowing it, too."

Through the quiet came a clear call. "That is Mrs. Semple," Carson said, in a burst of confidence. "You know, sometimes I think she isn't so keen about being her brother's housekeeper. He is a sort of jolly fellow; yet, I notice they all jump to his tune. This spot is on his land. I hope they haven't discovered it."

LATER, as they walked their horses along the line fence, Carson returned to his original subject. "You needn't worry about me and Garden. I'm leaving."

"Leaving? Where are you going?"

"Anywhere I can get a job. I am going to try the Cross Line outfit. They hire new men, now and again."

"Dad would not let you go."

"Until I get a job I shan't tell him, and neither will you," he added emphatically. "If I get it, he can whistle."

"What about school?"

"Yeah, I know; but I've got to get out. I've got to be on my own."

Bob did not answer. He knew without putting it in words that Carson was growing up. He was full of contradictory desires and emotions. He had to do something or go some place to test his own powers. What he needed was something strong to tie to. If he had that, going to school would probably satisfy him.

"Watch your step," he warned, "you don't want to live with regrets." Then as they crossed West Fork above its junction with the river, he added, "I am going to the Elkhorn on an errand for Mother."

"For Mother, huh? That's a new one. Watch your step, Little Boy. You are inexperienced."

"Go to grass."

Bob turned his horse, and as he loped easily along the grass-covered road he found himself keenly anticipating what lay ahead. He had been wanting to do this ever since the Elkhorn had changed hands. The Straughns were the type of people he and his were going to be—if there ever were any "his"—the kind his own Dad and Mother should be.

The river was low where he crossed, but it reached the bay's knees at that. Only then did Bob notice the figure, sitting astride her horse, watching.

(*To be continued*)

MORMON HANDICRAFT

Highlights

By Nellie O. Parker

"God, let me be aware,
Let me not stumble blindly down the ways
Just getting somehow safely through the days.
Let my hand, groping, find other hands,
Give me the heart that divines, understands.
Please keep me eager just to do my share;
God, let me be aware."

—*Meriam Teichner.*

AS the Christmas season approaches, we become imbued with the spirit of giving gifts and spreading happiness and cheer. Most of us would love to do the kindly things within our reach if we were only aware of what these might be. Life pushes us from so many sides that we don't take time to think of those outside our intimate circle and the things we might do to make their way a little brighter.

If we would only develop a "seeing eye and an understanding heart," we would never be at a loss for something to do. It is the little thoughtful, considerate things that are often most deeply appreciated. Every woman knows that by careful planning she can make her Christmas money reach farther and do more in bringing gladness and joy to other hearts.

Plan to buy at least one gift from Mormon Handicraft this year. Not only will you be getting something high class, but you will be helping an unknown friend to have more for her Christmas. Bring a friend with you to the Shop and help widen our list of patrons.

If you are looking for a useful quilt or a pretty coverlet, you will find many to choose from; also many beautiful pillow cases, luncheon sets, doilies, table covers, etc.

See the lovely handmade dolls. If your little daughter is collecting dolls, she will want a real pioneer with her ruffled petticoats, gingham apron and sunbonnet.

For friends or loved ones living away from home, a small box containing four glasses of native jelly would be truly a "sweet" gift.

Come early, you may want to order a hand-knit sweater or a ski set consisting of cap, mittens, socks and scarf, in time for Christmas.

The Shop is filled with so many things; it is a good place to come for suggestions, and you will be doing your share for our cause, as well as helping to make a merry, happy Christmas for others.

Please take notice: Many of the quilts being sent to the Shop are too short. A handmade quilt is usually bought to be used as a coverlet and should be long enough to serve this purpose.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Uses of the Left Hand in Conducting

By Wade N. Stephens of the Tabernacle Organ Staff

ALTHOUGH most of the conductor's desires can be indicated in some measure to the chorus by means of the baton alone, the use of the left hand is necessary to clarify and emphasize the messages conveyed by the right. Since the baton is constantly moving, its movements do not attract instant attention. The effectiveness of the left hand in getting expression lies in the fact that usually it hangs relaxed at the side, invisible to the chorus; its slightest motion, therefore, demands attention.

Sometimes the left hand parallels the right, but more often it does not. Then comes the difficulty, best mastered by persistent practice before a mirror. An uplifted palm or finger will insure the holding of a long note for its full value. The same movement coupled with tension in the left arm (as if it upheld a heavy weight) will indicate loudness. Softness may be indicated by pushing down and toward the chorus with the left hand, palm down. A sudden accent may be obtained by doubling the fist tightly and making a vigorous motion in the direction demanded by the beat on which the accent occurs. The right hand must continue its movements uninterruptedly throughout any of these movements.

In the course of a piece, where the rhythm must continue while the chorus holds a long note, it is best to insure that everyone stops together by holding and cutting off the chorus with the left hand, without stopping the movement of the right. The same supporting motion of the left hand will prevent the chorus from breathing in the wrong place. It can be made to take breath wherever the conductor wishes by drawing back both hands toward the body momentarily and without interrupting the rhythm, at the same time expanding the ribs and elbows as though taking a deep breath.

As the music becomes more complicated, the different voices do not enter together. In such pieces, the entrance and sometimes the exit of each voice should be indicated by cue-beat and cut-off with the left hand. A look toward the part affected intensifies the effect.

The chorus can be balanced while singing by indicating softness or loudness to the proper part with the left hand. Care must be taken not to vary the size of the beat, or the entire chorus will respond.

It is evident that none of these left-hand motions can be well executed until the right hand beat-patterns have become so automatic that nothing disturbs them.

Effective conducting requires that the eyes of the director be free to communicate with the chorus. It is best to conduct from memory, since eyes and left hand are then free to be used to best advantage.*

*It is now obvious that these articles are as valuable to the organist as to the chorister. The chorister must know how to execute the movements that will force the chorus to do as she wishes; the organist must be able to interpret them faster than the chorus, in order to assist the effect.

Emotional Content of Vocal Music

MUSIC that is written as a setting for words is usually intended to express the emotion that is contained in those words. This may be accomplished in two very different ways:

1. The first method may be called "classical", since it is the one used by composers of the classical period, notably Mozart. In it the individual words are somewhat disregarded, and the piece is so written that its total emotional effect is the same as that of the words. The music in this kind of composition is effective whether the words can be understood or not.

2. The second method may be called "romantic", not because it savors of romance in the vulgar sense, but because song writers of the romantic period, such as Schumann and Grieg, made extensive use of it. In this type of composition the value of each word is emphasized by the music to which it is sung. The music then hangs on the words and is not as effective if the words are not heard or known.

Most songs are written both ways. In some places the music controls the way the words are sung, and in others the words control the singing of the music. It is necessary to determine where each occurs. To do this the words must be read and analyzed carefully; the music must be heard and thoroughly learned; then, the two must be compared, important words marked, and outstanding harmonies or melodic fragments noted.

The next step is to discover the prevailing emotional tone or mood of the entire piece. The best way to make the mood definite in the conductor's mind is to find a single word or phrase that will express it. This method of procedure is ably set forth by J. Spencer Cornwall in his *Church Choristers' Manual*, which every one of our conductors should study with the greatest of care. The following list of mood-words is drawn from Brother Cornwall's list: Sadness, depression, sorrow, agony; playfulness, gayety, gladness, happiness; supplication, thankfulness, worship, praise; tenderness, longing, love, adoration; love of country, reverence for great men, martial spirit, glory of victory.

The first group contains words expressing various degrees of grief; the second, joy; the third, religious fervor; the fourth, love; the fifth, patriotism. These general emotional reactions are designated by Brother Cornwall as the five universal moods. There are certain passive moods; such as, serenity, contentment, meditation and contemplation, which do not seem to partake of any of these active emotions.

In most songs it will be found that the mood does not remain the same throughout. It will then be necessary to find a word to express the mood of each verse, or each line, or even each phrase. The important point is that the emotion to be expressed must be determined exactly enough to be defined by a word or phrase. Only by so doing can the conductor discover a starting-point from which to begin working out his interpretation of the composition.

The listener's reaction to the music is controlled largely by four things: The tempo (speed), the dynamics (softness or loudness), the words he hears, and the conditions under which he has heard the piece before. The first two are affected by emotional content in many ways.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 6

Paul the Missionary—First Missionary Journey

HELPFUL REFERENCES

F. W. Farrar, *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, chs. XIX ff.

A. T. Robertson, *Epochs in the Life of Paul*, chs. VI-VIII.

B. W. Robinson, *The Life of Paul*, chs. V-X.

J. P. Smyth, *The Story of St. Paul's Life and Letters*, chs. VI ff.

F. A. Spencer, *Beyond Damascus*, chs. XIII-XXVIII.

PAUL GOES TO THE GENTILES.—When Saul and Barnabas returned from their mission to Jerusalem, they brought with them John Mark. (Acts 12:25) In Antioch there were "prophets and teachers," so Luke informs us. (Acts 13:1) The name of Barnabas heads the list and Saul's comes at the end. This may be accidental, but it is quite probable that Barnabas, who was older than Saul and better known to the Church Authorities than the erstwhile Pharisee, was his senior in the work at Antioch. "As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." (Acts 13:2, 3) This passage, like so many in the Bible, is tantalizing. Many details we should like to know are missing. Who is meant by "they" in the above passage? Does it mean the "prophets and teachers" named in verse 1 exclusive of Barnabas and Saul, or, as some think, does it include other men in authority who came down from Jerusalem? (Compare Acts 11:27,28) The last possibility seems unlikely, for Luke would probably have given their names. What office in the Priesthood did Barnabas and Saul hold? It is not probable they were apostles, for though they are called such in Acts 14:4, 14 it is only in the etymological sense of "one sent". Furthermore, had they been apostles in the sense of being members of the Twelve the procedure outlined in Acts 13:3 would likely have taken place in Jerusalem under the direction of Peter and his associates. Barnabas and Paul (now given his Roman name by Luke in Acts 13:9, 13) gave a wonderful account of themselves in their missionary journey together. Young John Mark deserted them at Perga in Pamphylia and returned to Jerusalem. Paul did not forgive him for a long period of time. We rather suspect that Mark found the going too hard and difficult for a young, inexperienced man. *The First Missionary Journey* took the two missionaries to Cyprus, Perga in Pamphylia, An-

tioch in Pisidia, Iconium in the same district as Antioch, Lycaonia, Lystra, and Derbe. On their return to Antioch, they had a wonderful story to tell. In truth, they had had more adventures on this first mission than most ordinary men would wish for in a lifetime. They could report in general that the Jews rejected their message, but that God "had opened a door of faith to the Gentiles". (Acts 14:27)

PAUL FACES THE JUDAIZERS.—It will be remembered that when Peter opened the Gospel doors to the Gentiles he immediately met opposition from the "Circumcision," Jews who had joined the Church but who still believed that certain rites of the Mosaic Law should be adhered to. (Acts 10:45-47; 11:1-18) At that time, it didn't take much to quiet the opposition, but with the passage of time the Gentiles came into the Church in great numbers and the "Circumcision" or "Judaizers" began to be alarmed. They sent representatives as far north as Antioch "teaching the brethren, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." (Acts 15:1) Such doctrine raised the righteous wrath of Paul and Barnabas, who immediately objected to the dissemination of it among the people. The problem became such a debated one that it was finally found necessary for the authorities in Antioch to send Paul, Barnabas, and others to Jerusalem "to the apostles and elders" (Acts 15:2) for the purpose of finding a solution to it. The brethren passed through Phoenicia and Samaria "declaring the conversion of the Gentiles: and they caused great joy unto all the brethren". Paul and Barnabas were welcomed in Jerusalem where they reported their activities. The apostles and elders then came together to discuss the merits of the claims made by the Judaizers. (Acts 15:5) Peter recounted how the Gentiles were to receive the Gospel and the Holy Spirit on even terms with the Jews. Then Barnabas and Paul arose and told of their remarkable experiences among the Gentile peoples. James also arose and after quoting the Scriptures said "Wherefore my sentence is, that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles are turned to God; But that we write unto them, that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood." (Acts 15:19, 20) The discourse of James seemed to settle the matter, and it was decided to send men back with Paul and Barnabas; namely, Judas and Silas. The two latter had letters giving the decision of the Jerusalem conference to read to the people of Antioch. This letter was delivered and read in due time to the great joy of the people. Paul and Barnabas were completely victorious over the Judaizers. It should not be supposed that the latter had had no opportunity at the conference in Jerusalem to present their side of the problem. Acts 15: 7 mentions the fact that there had been "much discussion" or perhaps better "much questioning." The whole controversy aroused great interest in the ancient church. In a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith the Lord makes mention of the fact that "in the days of the apostles the law of

circumcision was had among all the Jews who believed not the gospel of Jesus Christ. And it came to pass that there arose a great contention among the people concerning the law of circumcision." (D. & C. 74:2, 3.) The complete revelation indicates that unbelieving parents whose mates were members of the Church might cause trouble in a family because they would want their children subjected to the rites of the law of Moses. In that event the children would give way to the old traditions and refuse the gospel, wherein they became unholy. The advice of Paul, so the revelation says, was for believers not to yoke themselves to unbelievers, unless the law of Moses was to be done away among them. This modern revelation indicates what an important problem the Judaizers gave the ancient Church of Christ. Paul's letter to the Galatians (2:11-21) gives other sidelights on the ancient problem that are extremely interesting to us because of the clash of important personalities.

PAUL BREAKS WITH BARNABAS.—After the meeting held with the saints at Antioch, in which the decision of the Jerusalem conference had been read, Paul and Barnabas continued to preach among the people. But the restless nature of Paul asserted itself again, and he was anxious to go on another journey to visit the people among whom they had previously labored. This was satisfactory to Barnabas, but he purposed to take with them John Mark who had deserted the missionaries in Pamphylia on their other missionary journey. Paul sharply demurred, and the two men separated. Barnabas took Mark and sailed to Cyprus. We never hear of Paul and Barnabas working together again, though at a later date the former pleasantly alludes to the good work of Barnabas. (See I Cor. 9:6) Paul chose Silas to go with him, and the two visit Syria, Cilicia, Derbe and Lystra. At the latter place Paul picked up Timothy as a helper and companion to aid in the work. The missionaries continued their journey leaving copies of the decision of the Jerusalem council in the cities they visited. (Acts 16:4.) They proceeded through Phrygia and Galatia but were forbidden by the Holy Spirit to go into Asia. (Acts 16:6)

PAUL GOES TO EUROPE.—Paul and Silas continued their journey to the western coast of Asia Minor bordering on the Aegean Sea. Here they stopped at the city of Troas. It was while at this place that Paul had a vision by night. As Professor A. T. Robertson has said, "Paul had visions at great crises in his ministry." Such is usually the case with great prophets. Luke describes Paul's vision as follows: "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." (Acts 16:9.) This vision was destined to change the history of Europe and yet the telling of it occupies but one verse in our New Testament. "One can but wonder what might have been the result if Paul had not pushed on to Troas, but had turned back to Cappadocia and Pontus, to Armenia and Babylonia, to India and China. Others might in time have carried the gospel westward, as some did to Rome.

But if the stamp of Paul were removed from Macedonia, Achaia, and Rome, Christian history would not have run the same course." So comments Professor Robertson.

It appears that Luke went over into Macedonia with Paul, Silas, and Timothy, for of a sudden the narrative is told in the first person plural. "And when he had seen the vision, straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia concluding that God had called us to preach the good news to them." (Acts 16:10) We are not told the circumstances under which Luke joined the party. It has been concluded by some scholars that this "beloved physician" (Col. 4:14) may have helped to save Paul's life during his sickness in Galatia. (Gal. 4:13) However, this is purely speculative, and we can not be sure of its correctness. Luke is a very important New Testament character because of his writings, and it is well for us to observe his methods of reporting.

Questions and Problems

(Deal only with those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Tell some of the most interesting things that happened on Paul's *First Missionary Journey*. (Acts 13, 14)

2. Study Paul's sermon in Acts 13:16-47 from the point of view of time, audience, place, adaptation to a difficult situation, etc.

3. Make a little study of a number of Joseph Smith's visions and revelations and see if, like Paul's, they came at crises in his ministry.

4. Procure, if possible, a map showing the course of Paul's four missionary journeys and have some one point out the provinces and countries visited. Estimate the distance covered, the hazards he encountered, etc. Compare missionary work today with that of Paul's day.

5. Read Acts 15 and compare with D. and C. 74.

Pronouncing Vocabulary

Perga	(Pĕr-gă)
Pamphylia	(Păm-phŷl′-ĭ-ă)
Pisidia	(Pĭ-sĭd′-ĭ-ă)
Iconium	(Ĭ-cōn′-ĭ-ŭm)
Lycaonia	(Lŷ-cā-ō′-nĭ-ă)
Lystra	(Lŷs′-tră)
Derbe	(Dĕr′-bē)
Troas	(Trō′-ăs)
Cappadocia	(Căp-pă-dō′-cĭ-ă)
Achaia	(Å-kā′-yá)

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

No. 6

Giving

"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."—II Cor. 9:7.

ONE of the most essential conditions for moral and spiritual growth is for a person to lose himself in the service of a great cause, a cause that far transcends the individual. This principle is emphasized

in that notable saying of Jesus, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." (Mark 8:35) The truth of this statement is verified in the experience of those who forsake all to become messengers of salvation to those who have not heard the gospel of Christ.

It has been the history of missionary work in both ancient and modern times that the missionary loses thought of himself, his own personal comfort, and in some cases even his own life, that he may bring salvation to others. It is under these circumstances that he realizes his own highest and best self. On the other hand, the man who hoards his possessions and to whom the thought of giving to one in need or to help advance a great public cause is distasteful is one who makes himself most miserable. Those who do give but only with the expectation of receiving at least an equivalent in return are courting disappointment and can in no wise realize the joy of giving.

"Give without recompense" and in return you will realize the spiritual uplift that always follows such giving.

The Apostle Paul has preserved for us one of the most notable sayings of Jesus, one not recorded in the gospels. In one of the Apostle's sermons recorded in Acts 20:35, he says, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Certainly it is more blessed to be able to give than to be in need of receiving. This is true whether our gifts are material or spiritual.

Discussion

1. What should be uppermost in one's mind in responding to calls for Church service?
2. What may we give other than material gifts to enrich the lives of others?
3. In what spirit should tithing and other offerings to the Church be given?

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 6

Les Miserables

FOLLOWING Jean Valjean's escape from the galleys, he keeps his promise to the departed, and rescues Fantine's child, little Cosette, from the cruel Thenardiers, the dishonest, sordid innkeepers to whom her mother had entrusted her. The story of the pathetic plight of the little waif and the brutality with which she is treated presents a picture of dramatic intensity. From the chance meeting of the child with Jean Valjean on the road, the story of Christmas and the doll, to the final departure from the inn, one knows that little Cosette will never

be without a protector again, "But as he was fifty-five and Cosette was but eight years old, all that he might have felt of love in his entire life melted into a sort of ineffable radiance. This was the second white vision he had seen. The Bishop had caused the dawn of virtue on his horizon; Cosette evoked the dawn of love. . . . Who knows that Jean Valjean was not on the point of becoming discouraged and falling back to evil ways? Love came and he again grew strong. Alas! He was no less feeble than Cosette. He protected her and she gave strength to him. Thanks to him she could walk upright in life, thanks to her he could persist in virtuous deeds. He was the support of this child and this child was his prop and staff. Oh, divine and unfathomable mystery of the compensations of Destiny!"

Cosette grows into a beautiful and loving girl, thoroughly devoted to her benefactor whom she knows as Father Fauchelevent who practices the art of a gardener, which was his original trade, and though he lives a hunted life, he continues his acts of mercy and generosity to everyone he meets. He comes to be known as "the beggar who gives alms". Many touching scenes from the streets of Paris, hospital wards, the halls, gardens and classrooms of the convent are related, and Valjean meets many strange acquaintances. Javert continues to be his evil shadow.

There is a great mass of material included in this remarkable novel which may seem to have but slight connection with the narrative, but it is immensely valuable as a social record of the time; Victor Hugo was the spokesman of public opinion —the interpreter of public feeling. In these dissertations he presents the characters animated by the spirit of the struggle out of which emerged modern France. While the plot of the novel is quite involved, it is very consistently and harmoniously developed to its conclusion.

The great romance of the story centers in the love of Cosette and Baron Marius Pontmercy. In the character of Marius, who is in every sense a worthy young man, a fine opportunity is offered for the author to express his own patriotic fervor and devotion to ideals. Marius is just what one imagines Victor Hugo to have been as a young man.

The life of Cosette and Jean Valjean together is a beautiful picture, but in addition to the evil shadow of Javert there is the infamous innkeeper who has seen Valjean and Cosette and continues to devise some vicious scheme for blackmail. There is a very distinct suggestion of retributive justice, or punishment, perhaps, in the fate of the innkeepers' daughters and the love and security which surround Cosette now they are grown. On the love of Marius and Cosette there is one shadow— Marius distrusts and dislikes Jean Valjean who is keenly sensitive to this fact, but he is determined that nothing, which he can prevent, shall mar the happiness of his beloved.

The story of the family of Marius, his father and his grandfather, involves many pages of French history, but the part which concerns Marius directly is the account of the Paris barricades erected against the government of Louis Philippe. Marius participates in this protest of young republicanism. In the chapters which

tell of these events and characters and the conflicting forces at work, every art of a master novelist is brought into play to reach the mighty climax. Jean Valjean goes to the scene to protect one he knows to be dear to Cosette, and here he comes face to face with Javert, who in the performance of his duties as a police officer has come to the scene of trouble, where he is taken prisoner. Marius recognizes Valjean but has no idea of why he is there. In the affair of the barricade Jean Valjean is designated as "a man who saves others". It is the intention of the insurgents to kill the prisoners they have taken, especially Javert the spy—as he appeared to them. Jean Valjean makes but one request, that is to execute Javert. This is granted. The chapter entitled "Jean Valjean Takes His Revenge" is one of the greatest climaxes in fiction. Javert who has so ruthlessly hunted Jean Valjean through his whole life, is now in his power; instead of killing Javert, whom he takes into a side street, he cuts his bonds and tells him to go, at the same time discharging his pistol to make it appear he has carried out the execution. Marius shudders as he hears it.

During the narrative of the barricade, the author expresses his feelings for France and her people—a beautiful, glowing, patriotic tribute to the grandeur and glory of his native land.

The barricade is certain to fail, but Jean Valjean has one fixed purpose in remaining there and that is to save Marius. The manner in which he does this by carrying the wounded, unconscious young man through the sewers of Paris is perhaps the best known episode in the book. The horror and minute detail of the description of the sewer is realism equalling anything ever written by the greatest of the school of realism, but it is treated in Hugo's romantic style. Phelps says, "Victor Hugo writes of the sewers of Paris with superbly picturesque eloquence."

The final meeting of Javert and Jean Valjean occurs on the banks of the river in the early morning, as Valjean reaches it with Marius, still unconscious. Valjean tells Javert that he will surrender himself if only Javert will help him to get Marius home. This is accomplished. Valjean makes one more request and that is to be permitted to go home for a moment. This Javert grants, but when Jean Valjean returns to meet Javert as agreed, he is gone. The chapter "Javert Off the Track" is another fine piece of psychological analysis. The conflict which rages in the mind of the official who is placed between his professional duty of arresting an offender and the moral and sentimental impulse to save the man who has saved him is so fierce that it tears his whole scheme of life up by the roots until he can see no way out but suicide.

Marius recovers, and Valjean arranges for the marriage, concealing Cosette's ignoble birth and setting upon her his fortune of six hundred thousand francs. "Cosette has Marius, Marius possesses Cosette. They have everything, even riches. And it is his work."

Then comes the supreme struggle and sacrifice of his life: "Jacob wrestled with the angel but one night. Alas! how many times have we seen Jean Valjean clenched, body to body, in the darkness with his con-

science, and wrestling desperately against it. . . . And, after having racked, torn and broken him, his conscience, standing above him, formidable, luminous, tranquil, said to him, 'Now, go in peace!' "

Jean Valjean fully senses the distrust and dislike which he knows Marius feels for him, so he decides to leave, though he knows it will break his heart to be separated from Cosette. One of the most tragic and pathetic chapters in the novel is the one relating the interview with Marius, when Valjean reveals that he is not Cosette's father and that he has served a long term in the galleys, in fact, that he is even now an escaped convict. He has decided to withdraw from their lives so that no shadow will fall on the life of Cosette. This recital is exquisitely done. Marius and Cosette are supremely happy in their love for each other, but Marius is seriously disturbed by some facts. He does not care to use the money given them by Valjean, for he fears it has not been honestly obtained. There are two men to whom he feels immeasurably indebted, one is the prowler who has, nevertheless, saved the life of his father, Colonel Pontmercy, on the field of Waterloo; the other is the man who carried him through the sewer following the barricade. He persists in trying to find them so that he might acknowledge his debt of gratitude. The conversation in which Marius tells Jean Valjean of what this man really did, as he rescued him and carried him through the sewer to safety, is drama of the type that only Victor Hugo could write; throughout the entire recital Valjean keeps silent.

THE last book in this great novel brings it to a most consistent and artistic conclusion, "Supreme Shadow, Supreme Dawn". The analysis of the conduct of Marius and Cosette is a fine bit of human philosophy, so tolerant and true to life. Theirs was the "ingratitude of nature" and sheer happiness in each other.

The interview of the innkeeper and Marius is perhaps the major climax of the story. It tells Marius the identity of the two men he most wishes to find. The innkeeper has the fine cunning of the real criminal. He is certain of the identity of Cosette and Jean Valjean. He knows that Valjean has impoverished himself to provide for Cosette. Marius is the logical person to approach in the blackmail scheme. Marius is convinced that he is dealing with a crook of the lowest order, but he discovers also that the innkeeper is the man who saved the life of his father, Colonel Pontmercy, after the battle of Waterloo, though bent upon the lowest of all errands, robbing the dead! The innkeeper tells Marius that he has information which proves Valjean to be a robber and murderer. Marius announces that he is aware of this, that Valjean years ago robbed Monsieur Madeleine, and that he killed Javert. The innkeeper produces evidence to disprove both of these charges. He shows that Valjean is without doubt Madeleine himself and that Javert committed suicide, but he tells Marius that Valjean is an assassin. In proof of this, he confesses that he was in the sewer following the barricade and saw Valjean carrying a man whom he had undoubtedly murdered. He produces a piece of cloth torn from the

coat of the murdered man. It fits exactly into that worn by Marius.

It is impossible to imagine a more dramatic scene. Quite contrary to what he had intended, the innkeeper wipes from the mind of Marius the last shadow from the character of Jean Valjean. He stands revealed, the noblest work of God—a character glorified by sacrifice and suffering.

Valjean is dying when Cosette and Marius reach him. They are not too late to receive his blessing. He tells Cosette the name of her mother: "Her name was Fantine. Remember that name, Fantine; fall on your knees whenever you pronounce it. She suffered much and loved you much."

To Cosette he bequeathed the two silver candlesticks which he always kept with him. "They are silver; but to me they are gold, they are diamond; they change the candles which are put in them into consecrated tapers. I do not know whether he who gave them to me is satisfied with me in heaven. I have done what I could."

This great novel is not only "a good story well told," it belongs to the beautiful in literature. Living types are reproduced—all human emotions are faithfully depicted, the fine touches in dialogue, the matchless descriptions, the powerful scenes in history, all these could come only from the pen of a genius such as Victor Hugo.

When the book appeared nearly eighty years ago, a preface accompanied it which is quite as appropriate today:

"So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemnation, which, in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of women by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless."

Questions and Suggestions

1. Justify the statement that *Les Miserables* takes its place in the front ranks of the world's best fiction.

2. Compare the love of Jean Valjean for Cosette, and of Marius and Cosette.

3. What do you consider some of the greatest climaxes in the book? Justify your choice.

4. Why is *Les Miserables* a romantic novel? a realistic novel? a psychological novel?

5. Give reasons for classing *Les Miserables* "a great human document" and a great "social register".

Social Service

Lesson 6

Psychology of Personal Efficiency

I. WHAT DO WE MEAN BY "WILL POWER"? We probably seldom realize how much waste there is of human ability and energy because of poor management of ourselves. William James once said, "We all have the habit of inferiority of our full self. As a rule, men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess. Everyone knows the feeling of being more or less alive on different days. Compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources. The human individual thus lives usually far within his limits."

Formerly, we were taught that we had a faculty called the "will", which we called upon in order to get ourselves down to work or to do anything against the resistance of our own inertia. We thought of "will" as a free agent which was unfettered by our past experiences and habits, something which would aid us to "pick ourselves up by the boot straps" and to do something distinctly above any previous performance.

Recent psychology has taught us that "will" is probably simply our ability to do tasks at any given time, and it grows as we succeed in doing what we try to do against resistance. The ability to attack and to accomplish relatively new and difficult tasks grows by our doing that kind of thing. The person we usually speak of as successful is he who has this ability to take a course of action and to pursue it to a definite goal in spite of obstacles.

President Heber J. Grant has stated this view in this widely quoted statement: "That which we persist in doing becomes easier to do, not that the nature of the task changes, but that our ability to do increases." The same truth has been put in another way: "The law of nature is: Do the thing and you shall have the power; but they who do not do the thing have not the power." (Quoted by Brande, D., *Wake Up and Live*, p. 85.)

We sometimes speak of "will" as the *habit of success*. From everyday experience, we know that the habit of success makes further accomplishments easier. This habit grows out of the confidence we build from past successes and is sometimes spoken of as self-confidence. Reflect for a moment upon what runs through your mind when you are confronted with a task, which you later succeed in accomplishing. You probably think back on some similar task which you accomplished. You take courage or confidence from the previous success, and this attitude itself aids you in the new undertaking. Not only do you bring a favorable attitude from the past experience but also some skill which you acquired from wrestling with the previous situation.

The attitude of confidence and the greater power to do, which grow out of past successes, are what we mean by the habit of success, self-

confidence, or "will power". The joy of past achievement makes us hungry for further successes and adds power and direction to our daily efforts.

We have just described the habit of success, but we often find its opposite, the *habit of failure*. How does the habit of failure grow? It grows simply by a person making the wrong reaction to his mistakes and failures and doing so repeatedly until that becomes his characteristic way of meeting difficulties. The person who is the victim of the habit of failure has an unpleasant recollection of all of his past defeats, his past failure to acquire the power and skill to do, just as the person with the habit of success can recall pleasantly his past achievements. The joy of feeling successful leads one to put forth effort to accomplish new things, but the feeling of being defeated makes one want to quit the struggle.

The dangerous side of the habit of failure is that it breeds more failures. As a person becomes progressively less capable of exerting a good effort, he fails more and more often. These multiplied failures continually reduce the chances of success, and the victim is caught in a vicious circle out of which he can climb only by persistent practicing of the opposite habit of success. Sometimes a great shock or crisis in one's life produces a "re-birth" which is the starting point for a new fighting spirit which failures cannot defeat.

II. MOTIVES ARE ACTIVITIES ALREADY STARTED. Conduct is much like a rolling snowball: After it once starts in a direction, it is much easier to keep it going and increasing than it is to start it in the first place. Woodworth, one of our most able psychologists, says that a motive is simply an activity already started. Thus, a man who has set out upon a certain career is carried along by his own momentum, or a person who forms the habit of going to Church has a motive to continue simply because that has become his way of life.

We all know that any difficult task brings forth effort more easily after once started than when we are making the original start. In fact, so long as we seem to be progressing toward a goal, we often find it difficult to stop, even when another task should be done. Children who have started playing house often hate to stop for dinner even when hungry, simply because the activity itself builds up a motive to continue which is stronger than hunger. Of course, other activities and needs of the individual eventually interrupt, and we may find it necessary to stop. It is helpful to choose a stopping point at which it will be easy to get started when we return to the task.

This doctrine of motivation has important practical applications. Many times we lose our motivation because we meet some minor failure or some difficulty which forces a temporary halt to our progress. Unless we habitually put forth greater effort at these points of difficulty in order to keep our progress running along, the motivation dies out with the letting up of activity. The person with good mastery of his powers, when confronted with a difficulty, may "let up" for the moment but only until his mental activity leads him to a more successful attack, which starts progress again.

The person with the habit of failure breaks down at these points—that is, his very habit of failure prevents him from keeping himself motivated at the critical time. When he lets the activity stop and the motivation die out, he has the greatest difficulty getting down to work again.

Probably characters are largely shaped by the early habits children build up in their manner of meeting obstructions. A general style of living may be formed early in life of putting forth additional effort or of making repeated attempts at crucial moments when motivation is threatened. Likewise, a habit of defeatism may be acquired early and may be a life-long blight on one's character.

One more point should be mentioned in this connection. The person who is active, who continually tries to succeed, naturally increases his knowledge and skill. Even though many of his efforts fail, he is by his persistent efforts learning and growing in ability to do. He who withdraws from the fight learns nothing and therefore does not grow more capable of succeeding next time he tries.

III. BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES FOR SUCCESS. The habit of failure does strange tricks to its victims. For one thing, we may accept shoddy substitutes for the success we fail to achieve. The wolf who said the grapes he could not reach were sour grapes had probably never heard of a ladder. We make similar excuses for not making intelligent efforts to overcome obstacles. We often delude ourselves into thinking the fruits of work are probably not worth the effort.

As middle and later life overtakes us, it is easy to begin to live in the past, to be satisfied with thinking of successes of our younger days rather than making the most of our future. *Dreaming* becomes a substitute for constructive imagination. Brande has this to say in speaking of "the bad old habit of dreaming the world into a different shape while life slips away": "It is this idea which must be held firmly in mind: That the test of whether or not one is dreaming or imagining correctly is whether or not action follows mental work. Any mental activity which turns backward for longer than it takes to correct a mistake and to replace an unsatisfactory habit with a good one, is *minus* and cannot be continued if you hope to lead a fuller life." (Brande, Dorothea, *Wake Up and Live*, p. 111.)

The *hobbies and diversions* a person has may be either a valuable release from effective work, refreshing and recreating the worker, or they may be a retreat or substitute for success in one's more serious undertakings. For example, sometimes a person finds a substitute success in doing fine handwork which takes the place of being a good home manager. A business man who fails short of what he expects of himself may write poems which gain some recognition and give him a substitute satisfaction for his failure to make a genuine success of his business. Moving picture shows, while generally wholesome diversions, are used by some people as a make-believe world which substitutes for the satisfaction of living life well in reality. All serious-minded people should cultivate hobbies and diversions for the purpose of increasing efficiency, not to substitute for it.

IV. HOW SHALL I PLAN MY WORK? To make work easier to get at and stick to we should provide certain conditions. First of all, we may easily form the *habit of doing certain work at a certain place at a certain time.* If this habit has been established, we conserve much of the wasted energy of deciding each time what to do, where to do it, and when to do it. This habit is especially valuable in doing those tasks that *must* be done but which are not pleasant in themselves. Many housewives go through the unpleasantness of routine duties two or three times before actually doing them, simply because they lack orderly *time* and *place* work habits. There is joy in the success of not letting little unpleasant duties take up too much of your life, and orderly habits are necessary for this achievement.

A further aid to getting at a task we are inclined to shun is to *prepare all materials in advance,* say the night before, so that when the time comes there are no preparations to make, and the activity can be started immediately. Previous preparation often removes the possibility of "dilly-dallying" while preparing to work until we think of a good excuse for doing something else.

Then there is the question of *distractions,* if our task is an intellectual one such as studying, planning a speech or program, or writing a poem. How distractions affect us is a matter of habit also. If we have done intellectual work in the presence of distractions, such as children or the radio playing, these distractions finally have little effect on us. A person who habitually works under conditions of this kind may even be distracted by the silence if there are no distractions. Under some circumstances we actually concentrate better with some distractions because we exert more effort. At any rate, distractions of a mild character are not a good excuse for failure to concentrate. This is a matter to be studied for ourselves. So far as possible work conditions that suit us individually should be provided.

Fatigue has already been mentioned as an influence which may affect work. We must learn to distinguish true fatigue from the "desire to be tired" in order to get out of work. True fatigue is often less unpleasant than the other kind. Efficiency is affected, however, by fatigue, and we should include ample rest in any work program. Short rest periods during working hours are often found to increase output of work. But rest is not the only way to overcome fatigue. Work produces certain toxic substances in the blood which are distributed to all parts of the body and have some effect on the whole, even though coming only from the certain parts being used directly in work. However, fatigue is also specific to some extent; that is, the parts of the body most directly used become the most fatigued. For example, if we have been on our feet at one kind of work, our output of work at a task at which we sit is not greatly affected. The practical suggestion from this is to plan our schedule so that different kinds of work will be alternated in such a way as to reduce extreme fatigue of any particular organs. Rotate the tasks, allow for changes in order to avoid fatigue and boredom.

This means *planning for leisure-time activities,* too, for this part of

a work plan is as important as any other. A properly planned work program, by the contrast of work followed by play, makes play take on a new delight. Since play is a release from routine and work, how can anyone who has no plan or who is lazy get the most out of play?

A final practical suggestion is that if we have difficulty getting down to work, we should *plan tasks which we are certain to accomplish* with reasonable effort—neither too hard nor too easy. If we have already acquired the habit of failure, this is the only way back to the road to success. Hosking in *Human Nature and Its Remaking* has said in this connection: "Education consists of supplying the halted mind with a method of work and some examples of success. There are few more beautiful miracles than that which can be wrought by leading a despairing child into a trifling success; and there are few difficulties whose principle cannot be embodied in such simple form that success is at once easy and revealing. And by increasing the difficulty by serial stages, the small will, under the cumulative excitement of repeated and mounting success, may find itself far beyond the obstacle that originally checked it."

Part of the great task of living is to take accurate measure of our personal equipment and to gauge our tasks to our capacity. Naturally, we all make mistakes in estimating what we can do, but when we see our task is too much for us we should not develop the failure attiude; we should apply more energy and use better judgment in attacking our problems or else build our strength and confidence through tasks more within our reach. Which of the two methods to follow depends upon "what manner of man" we are; that is, what our past successes have been.

Problems for Discussion

1. What do we mean by "will power?"
2. Study your own reactions to defeat or failure. Are they usually inclined to make you exert more effort or less effort in overcoming obstacles?
3. How is the habit of success cultivated, assuming that it is not very well developed in us now that we are adults?
4. What practical aids do you use in making it easier to get your household routine done?
5. Show how "keeping the ball rolling" makes your work easier.

References

1. Brande, Dorothea. *Wake Up and Live*, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1936, p. 198. Popular and stimulating style.
2. James, William. *On Vital Reserves*, New York: Henry Holt, 1911. See pp. 6-7 particularly, most of the remainder will be found interesting and stimulating.
3. Morgan, J. J. B. *Keeping a Sound Mind*, New York: Macmillan, 1934. See pp. 136-168, 362-384. Written for beginning college students.
4. Starch, D., et al. *Controlling Human Behavior*, New York: Macmillan, 1936, pp. 193-234. Semi-technical discussion of factors affecting efficiency.

Education for Family Life

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

Lesson 6

My Parents Do Not Know Me

IS it possible for the members of one generation to understand and be sympathetic with the problems of the members of another generation? To what extent do parents think they know their children? To what extent do children think they know their parents? To what extent do children think their parents know them? If we had satisfactory answers to these questions, we would have at least a starting point in our attempt to cope with one of the most important phases of family relationships; namely, the parent-child relation.

We do have sufficient first-hand evidence to convince us that the majority of young men and women of high school and college age think that their parents do not know them and do not understand the problems with which the young people of today are confronted.

Whether or not the young folk are correct in their thinking we cannot say, but they do offer a quantity of concrete evidence to justify their opinion. This fact is of vital importance to adults who desire to know the younger generation.

Only to the extent that parents are acquainted with the ideas that children have concerning the parent-child relation is it possible for parents to understand the behavior of their children, since it is what we think is true that influences our attitudes and actions.

A sixteen-year-old daughter, who was the pride and joy of her parents, overheard her mother discussing with a friend the great difficulties, problems, and responsibilities involved in rearing children today in comparison with those of earlier periods. Unfortunately, the daughter heard only a fragment of the discussion from which she drew the conclusion that she was a great burden to her parents, that her parents did not love her as she had thought they did, and that her mother had never wanted her. Such an idea was in absolute contradiction to the real situation. However, from the time of the incident the daughter's attitude toward her parents, particularly toward her mother, changed almost completely. She became less sociable, less talkative, took on an attitude of indifference, spent as little time as possible in the home and in the presence of her mother; however, she showed deliberate consideration and an undue amount of impersonal respect toward both parents.

The mental conflict for the daughter became so intense that she finally decided to confide in one of her teachers. During the course of the conversation, the girl confessed that she knew she would never recover from the shock she had experienced when she learned that her parents did not love her and that her mother had never wanted her; therefore, she had decided to leave home as soon as possible and try to forget her parents. After a number of con-

ferences, the girl reluctantly gave consent for the teacher to talk over the situation with the mother. It was with no little difficulty that the father and mother, with the assistance of the teacher, were able to convince the daughter that her concept of the situation was all wrong; that the true situation was as the daughter had always wished it to be, one of love, affection and devotion on the part of her parents.

In all of our human relationships it is not enough to acquaint ourselves with the facts of a situation, but we must also be aware of what the other person thinks the facts to be. This is of special importance in successful parent-child relationships. Frequently, the roots of unsatisfactory parent-child relations lie in the attitudes of the parents toward the child and in the lack of mutual understanding of the attitudes of parents and child.

Hornell Hart suggests that there are four different fundamental attitudes taken toward children, with corresponding different emotional and behavior results: The first of these is to regard the child as an obstacle, an irritant, or a nuisance; the second is to regard it as something to be exploited, as an economic asset, as an object for the exercise of his craving for power and authority, as a means of vicarious display or vicarious fulfillment of thwarted ambitions, or as a love-object to gratify parental emotions; the third is to consider it as a responsibility; the fourth is to regard it as a bundle of potentialities to be developed. Sound parenthood must take account of whatever is valid in all of the above four attitudes. The first step in promoting successful parent-child relations is for the parents to frankly face his own attitudes and purposes with regard to his child. It is necessary for the parents to realize integration of his own purposes as well as integration of purposes between parents before there can be integration between parents and child. The next essential is for the parent to have an understanding of the purposes and possibilities of the child.*

During the early years of the child's life the foundation must be laid if mutual understanding between parents and child is to be experienced during later years. Furthermore, confidence and sympathetic understanding can be attained only as the result of conscientious effort, untiring patience, and the constant demonstration of the practical application of the fundamental principles of personal integrity on the part of the parents.

Now let us turn our attention to a few of the most common mistakes which parents make that result in the hindrance of the development of confidence and understanding between parents and child.

1. Parents attempt to be one of the young folk instead of being one with them. A forty-year-old parent cannot be as a twenty-year-old child unless the parent has not matured in a normal way. Twenty-year-olds appreciate parents who have a reasonable amount of dignity, superior judgment, who exercise self-control; yet, who have not become so old, socially and psychologically, that they cannot appreciate and under-

*Hart, Hornell, *Science of Social Relations*. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1927, Chapter XVIII.

stand the point of view of the younger generation.

2. Many parents practice deceit and other forms of dishonesty in their relations with their children. Wise parents are aware of the difficulty of successfully bluffing young people of today who are, as a rule, very sensitive and responsive to sincerity.

3. Parents ask too many questions concerning unimportant details in the hope that the child will form the habit of telling his parents everything. Few individuals, young or old, care to tell everything. What parents should strive for is to build up desirable attitudes and habits so that the child will come voluntarily to his parents when he has a problem to solve or a unique situation to meet.

4. Parents set themselves up as examples to their children rather than to select some noble and praiseworthy character whom both parent and child could profitably emulate. The second practice would give the child an opportunity to discover for himself the similarity between his parent and the ideal. When the parent sets himself up as an ideal, the child feels that there is too great a gap between the two, and thus he sees no basis for mutual understanding.

5. Parents worry over too many relatively trivial things. In such cases the child usually takes an attitude of toleration and paternalism toward his parents. He feels that he should protect his parents from unnecessary worry by not telling them anything that can be kept. "What Dad and Mom don't know won't worry them," is a common expression of young folk.

6. Parents too often are so steeped in their own problems that they fail to realize that what to them may seem a minor problem is to the young person a major catastrophe. Is there a mother who cannot remember what a tragedy it seemed to her at the age of eighteen not to be asked for a dance by the one man whom she secretly admired most of all? Or is there a father who cannot recall the time when the most important thing in life to him was to have money with which to purchase a red heart box of candy on Valentine Day for the one and only girl; how he felt when his father only laughed and told him if the girl liked him the candy was not necessary, and if she did not like him he would be silly to spend money on her?

Whatever the young person considers to be important at any particular time should be treated with the utmost dignity, respect and confidence by adults.

NOW to turn our attention to question number four which was presented at the beginning of our lesson. Based upon the discussions of an average group of young people who expressed themselves frankly on the subject as to whether or not their parents know them, we submit the following opinions:

The majority of young people do not discuss problems with their parents unless they think that their parents will learn the information from other sources.

Young people do discuss problems concerning sex and love affairs

with married siblings and with intimate friends of their own sex.

Frequently, problems are taken to the mother of a friend because, "she understands my problems and is more sympathetic than my own mother would be, and she doesn't worry about me."

Fathers are consulted about problems concerning money matters more generally than are mothers.

Mothers are consulted about problems concerning human relations more generally than are fathers.

Minor automobile accidents are not reported to parents if the resulting damage to the car can be erased without being found out; or in case of a fine, if the fine can be paid without help from parents. This practice is due to the fear that in the future the child will be denied the use of the car if parents know there has been an accident. Information gained from young folk leads one to believe that quite frequently the child learns of minor automobile accidents experienced by one mate about which the other mate is never informed. This may explain why so many children have adopted the same practice.

Now as to some of the reasons given by youth as to why parents are not consulted in the solving of problems:

Fear of hurting parents. Parents do not understand conditions of today, so that anything we do that is different from what they did when they were young shocks them.

Parents exaggerate the seriousness of situations. Parents think their children are better than other children, so it not only shocks them but really hurts them to know the truth about their own.

Parents become so emotional when confronted with the problems of youth. Mothers cry and fathers become angry.

Parents worry too much when there is no cause to worry. Because parents are opposed to their children marrying too early they seem to think that every friendship with a member of the opposite sex will result in marriage, so it is just as well not to let them know to what extent their child is interested in a member of the opposite sex.

Parents have no time to bother with the problems of their grown children; they do well to provide for the material needs of their offspring.

Parents uphold the double standard as far as parents and children are concerned; hence, will not accept in children what they do themselves.

Once again we emphasize the fact that the above opinions represent what youth thinks is true. Probably the majority of parents would not agree with youth; if so, then it is of vital importance for every parent to help his own child see the true situation. It is equally important for the parents of young children to guard against the development of such ideas during the formative years of the life of the child.

IN conclusion, we present verbatim an example of an ideal parent-child relation as expressed in writing by somebody's child of college age. Might it have been written by your child?

"To whom would I go if I were

in any kind of trouble? If my parents were available, they would be the first persons I would think to consult for help and guidance. My parents have tried to instill good principles in my mind and then let me act on my own judgment. At the same time, they have always made me feel that if I were in any difficulty I would be free to come to them. My mother has always said that she has not lived her life yet and therefore does not feel as if she can censure the actions of others who may have done wrong. She has always made me feel that I would be understood if I confided in her and that she would do all in her power to help me to make a right adjustment. Father has always made us feel that home would always be the best place to come no matter what happened.

"I don't believe that we should run to our parents with every little petty thing we do wrong. We should build our own character strong enough so we can go to ourselves on such occasions and solve our own problems.

"I know from observation and conversation that I am very fortunate to have the confidence of my parents. I think they are the best people to go to, because they try to understand and at the same time not be over-sympathetic. The problem of over-sympathetic parents is just as serious as having parents who are not willing to be bothered with the problems of their children.

"Because of my fortunate relationship with my parents, I do not feel that I can fully realize the problems many young people are confronted with when they are in trouble and have no one to whom they feel free to go."

Questions and Problems For Discussion

1. Give concrete examples of each of the four attitudes toward children as suggested by Hart. Reserve a period during the coming week when you and your mate can be together for the purpose of discussing your mutual attitudes toward your children.

2. What evidence can you offer from your own experience to disprove the validity of the opinions of youth with regard to the failure of parents to know their children?

3. Make a list of ten factors that you think would contribute to the establishment of the type of parent-child relation represented in the concluding quotation of the lesson.

4. Tell the class about some of the practices that you are using with your small children for the purpose of laying a foundation for mutual confidence and understanding for the future.

Mission Lessons

L. D. S. CHURCH HISTORY

Lesson 6

Organization of the Church

(To be used in place of Literary lesson)

LET us suppose that you have something to sell — furniture, books, animals, or land. Let us suppose, further, that you wish someone else to sell this property for you.

Now, before anyone could do that, he would first have to obtain your "authorization," as we call it. For otherwise he could not come to your home and say, "I'm going to sell these things whether you want me to or not."

It is the same in other things that we call earthly. If someone from another country wishes to become a citizen of your nation, he cannot become such by just saying to himself, "I'm a citizen!" Nor can he do so by appearing before just anybody in that nation and be sworn in. He must make application to the proper person and go through the necessary routine. Then he is a citizen.

Do you think it is any different in the matter of religion, the most important concern of human beings?

The Church is often spoken of by Jesus as the Kingdom of God. Like earthly governments it must have officers, laws, and subjects. In other words, the Kingdom of God, or the Church of Christ, like every other organization, is conducted in an orderly way. No one, therefore, has a right to organize the Church of Christ until and unless he is given the necessary authority by the Lord, either in person or through his servants. Anyone may organize a church without that authority, but it will not be the Church of Christ, and no one who belongs to it has any claim to salvation in the Kingdom of God.

JOSEPH SMITH knew all this. He had been so informed in the First Vision. As you may remember, he had been told two things about the Church by our Savior himself. One of these was that the Church of Christ was not then upon the earth and that, therefore, he must not join any church in his town. The second thing was that he, Joseph, would in due time be given the authority to organize the Church of Christ again.

And here it is necessary to make a distinction which is often lost sight of.

A man may do good in and of himself. Fortunately for us there are many good people in every nation, and have been in every age. Also there are many organizations that are wholesome in their purpose and work. Among these are the various churches. All over the world there are churches that are helpful to their members. And so, as long as men and women in these societies are sincere and as long as the churches are helpful here and now, perhaps

we should not be severe on them.

But this is not the only world. There is a world of the spirit, the world of God, the world of men made perfect. That is real, too. And so when anyone organizes a church, he is supposed to get authority to do so first, and that authority can come only from God, who is the ruler of that world. No man, therefore, who establishes an order for this world alone, has any right to expect that his order will be effectual in the other world.

At best, man can see but a short distance ahead. He can therefore provide for only a brief span of life. His mistakes, for this reason, will be many. But God sees life in its whole. He knows the end from the beginning. And so his plans are far-reaching, complete. The laws which he establishes have the whole of life in mind, not a part of it. But he does not wish us to make use of that plan unless we are willing to follow His guidance. Hence, leaders in religion must have continual revelation—visions, if necessary. Only in this way can we feel sure that we are carrying out what we know as the "plan of life and salvation".

The sectarian churches of Joseph Smith's time, of course, did much good, just as those of today are doing. But they lack, and still lack, spiritual power. "They have a form of godliness, but deny the power of God." That is what the Lord told Joseph Smith, as you will remember, in the First Vision. That is, they had no divine authority, no priesthood recognized by God. Here is the whole thing in a nutshell, as we say. The churches of the Prophet's day had no saving power because they had departed from the Way.

OUR Prophet did not, for this reason, obtain his authority to organize the Church of Christ from any of the ministers of his time. He could not have done that because they did not have it themselves. His priesthood came direct from heaven.

On the fifteenth of May, 1829, while the translation of the *Book of Mormon* was going on in Harmony, Pennsylvania, Joseph and Oliver went out into the woods, to pray over a matter which had come up in the Record. While they prayed, John the Baptist, of whom we read in the Gospels, appeared to them. He had been raised from the dead. Placing his hands on their heads, he said,

"Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins."

John instructed them to baptize each other and then to ordain each other to the priesthood which he had just conferred upon them. This they did. Afterwards the spirit of prophecy came upon them, and they foretold many things that would come to pass in their generation. John also told them that, in due time, the ancient apostles Peter, James, and John would confer upon them the Melchizedek priesthood.

Accordingly, some time later, these apostles appeared to Joseph and Oliver, laid their hands upon the heads of the young men, and ordained them to the higher priesthood. This gave them "the keys of the kingdom and of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times." It also gave them the apostleship. Thus

they were empowered to act for God on the earth. They had divine authority, the priesthood.

In these two visions—that of John the Baptist and of the ancient apostles—they obtained the priesthood direct from the men who held it under Christ. Any member of this Church, therefore, who holds the priesthood, can trace it back to Christ, through three of these four heavenly messengers.

ACTING under this divine authority, the Prophet, with his faithful companion, proceeded to organize again the Church of Christ on the earth. It was organized on April 6, 1830, shortly after the publication of the *Book of Mormon*.

It was on a Tuesday. Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Samuel H. Smith, and David Whitmer, with a few others, met at the home of Peter Whitmer, Sr., for the purpose. They were all young men. The oldest, Hyrum Smith, had just turned thirty, and the youngest, Peter Whitmer, Jr., would not be twenty-one till the following September. Joseph Smith was in his twenty-fifth year. They had all been baptized before this. Baptism in their case was for the remission of sins, not for entrance into the Church.

One would expect that the name of the new Church would be the "Church of Joseph Smith." But it was not. Having been instructed and authorized by the Lord himself to organize His Church again on the earth, the Prophet called it the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." The phrase "of Latter-day Saints" distinguishes it from the Church of Jesus Christ of Former-day Saints. People who did not like the new organization often called it the "Mormon Church." But that is not its real name. Like the term "Christian," it was given in derision; its members believed in the *Book of Mormon*.

We cannot stress too much the idea that this modern prophet, in spite of the fact that he was not schooled, held the priesthood. And he was the only one authorized to organize the true Church on the earth at the time. Hence this is the Church of Christ.

Questions and Suggestions

1. If you wished to sell something and did not want to act yourself, what would you have to do? How do foreigners become citizens of your nation?

2. Name some of the officers of our Church; some of the laws; some of the ordinances. How does one become a member of our Church?

3. When, where, and by whom was our Church organized? What is its true name? Why was it called by this name?

4. Tell how Joseph Smith received the authority to organize the Church. Where else could he have got the authority?

5. Read or sing "The Morning Breaks" and explain why this hymn was chosen in connection with this lesson.

Note: Map printed in July issue of Magazine is to be used in teaching Church History lessons.

Magazine Drive

THE 1939 Magazine Drive has been the most successful in the history of the Organization. More stakes, wards, missions and branches are listed on the Honor Roll this year than ever before. The reports, with very few exceptions, reached the office promptly and were carefully and accurately made out, which greatly facilitated the work of compiling the Honor Roll.

We highly commend our energetic and capable Magazine Representatives for the splendid work they have done. Their service is of inestimable value to Relief Society. We greatly appreciate the active support of Relief Society executive officers. Realizing the importance of the work, they have whole-heartedly aided Magazine Representatives to achieve their goals. The response of our many thousands of friends the world over who are our subscribers is a source of gratitude.

Careful planning, unusual cooperation, faithful energetic service has characterized the work. Increased Magazine circulation is only one of many values resulting from this activity. We are justly proud of accomplishments.

HONOR ROLL

FOUR HIGHEST PERCENTAGES

GROUP A

(Enrollment 100 or over)

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Mesa Second	Maricopa	100	186	186	Lula R. Stewart
Provo Fourth	Utah	127	225	177	Flora Buggart
Twentieth	Ensign	100	165	165	Louise B. Mullett
Ogden Fourth	Ogden	115	136	120	Lena Hansen

GROUP B

(Enrollment 50 to 99 Inclusive)

Twelfth	Ensign	50	133.5	267	Elon Calderwood
Harvard	Liberty	73	146	200	Irene Crofts Brain
Ogden Thirteenth	Ogden	82	142	179	Edith Wilson
Phoenix Third	Phoenix	57	102	179	Grace Whipple

GROUP C

(Enrollment 1 to 49 Inclusive)

Hurstville Br.	Australian Mission	9	31	345	Kit Wilson
Bellflower	Long Beach	9	23	256	Marie E. Visser
Vernon	St. Johns	12	28	233	Ella L. Grau
Worland	Big Horn	19	43	226	Elizabeth Nielson

THE above receive high honors and will be presented with a bound volume of the *Relief Society Magazine* at the Relief Society General Conference, April, 1940.

WARDS 100% OR OVER

GROUP A

(Enrollment 100 or Over)

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Cedar First	Parowan	102	118	116	Ella Holyoak
Lovell	Big Horn	111	123	111	Effie Tolman
Hillcrest	Grant	110	120	109	Viola Cahoon
Pocatello Fifth	Pocatello	121	128	105	Jean Henderson
First	Liberty	124	128	103	Josephine Pett
Lincoln	Granite	113	116	103	Mabel D. Flandro
Richards	Granite	111	114	103	Irene Irvine
Seventeenth	Salt Lake	163	164	101	Julia G. Miller
Hawthorne	Granite	136	137	101	Dorothy Miles
Salem	Palmyra	104	104	100	Lettie Peterson

GROUP B

(Enrollment 50 to 99 Inclusive)

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Fourteenth	Salt Lake	74	107	145	Bashua A. F. Chapman Davis
Dimond	Oakland	90	128	142	Jessie E. W. Booth
Mc Gill	Nevada	78	108	138	Louisa Johnson
Phoenix First	Phoenix	65	89	137	Letha A. Marian
Mc Kay	Wells	63	85.5	136	Rebecca Jones
Brigham Second	Box Elder	81	108	133	Sarah H. Horsley
Columbus	Wells	70	92	131	Anna Hutchinson
Layton	North Davis	90	115	128	Grace Forbes
Antimony	Garfield	50	64	128	Mary K. Riddle
Phoenix Second	Phoenix	93	116	125	Camelia Gulliver
Heber Third	Wasatch	90	112	124	Annie K. Moulton
Hooper	Weber	88	109	124	Florence Naisbet
Long Beach	Long Beach	77	95	123	Ermina R. Joseph
Sparks	California Mission	58	71	122	Merle Wade
Twenty-first	Ensign	85	102	120	Josephine Affleck
Ogden Twentieth	Ogden	89	106	119	Mattie Manning
Mesa Fourth	Maricopa	79	93	118	Grace Burton
Eighteenth North	Ensign	68	80.5	118	Edith Vickers
Idaho Falls Fifth	Idaho Falls	67	79	118	Ila Sams
Eighteenth South	Ensign	84	98	117	Hannah Watkins
Gunnison	Gunnison	59	67	114	Orilla Wilkinson Vilate Bond
Freedom	Star Valley	50	57	114	Martha Brog
Price Third	Carbon	72	81	113	Alzina Johnston
Malad Second	Malad	68	77	113	Mary King
Elmhurst	Oakland	52	60	113	Lavina Smithen
Twenty-seventh	Ensign	93	103.5	112	Jeannette McArthur
Ensign	Ensign	82	92	112	Ellen Smith
Draper Second	East Jordan	66	74	112	Melissa Smith
University	Ensign	66	73	111	Anna C. Rich
Nibley Park	Granite	99	109	110	Emma Armstrong
Liberty	Liberty	73	80.5	110	Verna Jones
Tremonton First	Bear River	92	100	109	Dorma Brough

GROUP B—Continued

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Thirteenth	Ensign	84	91.5	109	Alma Erickson
Nampa Second	Nampa	67	73	109	Mary E. Dixon
St. Charles	Bear Lake	64	70	109	Alice B. Rich
Fielding	Bear River	63	69	109	Mrs. H. Potter
Boise Third	Boise	50	54.5	109	Florence Pruett
Beaver East	Beaver	77	83	108	Vera Ashworth
Logan Eleventh	Logan	72	77	108	Josie M. Robinson
Grace First	Bannock	58	62	107	Lillian Peterson
Ogden Seventeenth	Mt. Ogden	99	105	106	Mary Bertagnole
Mesa First	Maricopa	93	99	106	Ida Verney
Pleasant Grove First	Timpanogos	77	71	106	Emma Harper
Central Park	Grant	66	70	106	Hedy Davies
San Francisco	San Francisco	53	56	106	Sarah H. Pomeroy
Ammon	Idaho Falls	82	86	105	Christie Heath
Preston Second	Franklin	65	68	105	Estella G. Paton
Malad First	Malad	63	66	105	Esther Hess
Moab	San Juan	90	94	104	Edna Allan
Park View	Long Beach	76	79	104	Marguerite Hunt
Vernal Second	Uintah	67	70	104	Sara Lyon
Sutter	Sacramento	56	58	104	Lucile Beck
Ogden Nineteenth	Weber	64	66	103	Elizabeth London
Springville Second	Kolob	90	91.5	102	Florence Simkins
Eleventh	Ensign	84	86	102	Eda Eatchel
Ogden Seventh	Ogden	84	86	102	Jessie Woods
Queens	New York	55	56	102	Louise Greenwood
Le Grand	Bonneville	97	97.5	101	Malinda C. Hicken
Eagar	St. Johns	88	89	101	Lurana B. Eagar
Santa Monica	Hollywood	84	85	101	Kathryn Hughes
Capitol Hill	Salt Lake	63	63.5	101	Anna S. D. Johnson
Junction	Garfield	58	58.5	101	Hattie M. Ipson
Wilshire	Hollywood	95	95	100	Carola S. Wurzback
Spanish Fork Second	Palmyra	90	90	100	Pearl Cloward
Emigration	Bonneville	87	87	100	Ida von Nordeck
Menan	Rigby	86	86	100	Roberta Keller
Rigby Second	Rigby	86	86	100	Clara Muggleson
Highland Park	Highland	84	84	100	Effie Chipman
Lehi First	Lehi	83	83	100	Lenore T. Jones
Ogden First	Weber	80	80	100	Margaret Vernieuw
Raymond First	Taylor	77	77	100	Fanny Litchfield
Richfield Second	Sevier	76	76	100	Mrs. P. Magleby
Matthews	Los Angeles	75	75	100	Elizabeth Bowen
Mesa Third	Maricopa	75	75	100	Naomi Ball
Ogden Third	North Weber	73	73	100	Isabelle Hill
Duchesne	Duchesne	67	67	100	Minnie Wheeler
Berkeley	Oakland	65	65	100	Hortense Carpenter
Spanish Fork First	Palmyra	65	65	100	Grace Meiling
Spanish Fork Fifth	Palmyra	65	65	100	Alta Holt
Burley First	Burley	63	63	100	Nettie T. Oliverson
Draper First	East Jordan	58	58	100	Florence Sjoblom
Bingham	West Jordan	53	53	100	Selina Nerdin

GROUP C

(Enrollment 1 to 49 inclusive)

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Hilliard	Woodruff	12	27	225	Ella Malby
Buffalo	Eastern States Mis.	9	19	211	Naomi G. Joy
Ogden 21st	Ogden	42	88	210	Elizabeth Jacobs
Glendale	Phoenix	16	30	188	Julia Kremer
Redwood City Br.	San Francisco	15	28	187	Charlotte Showers
La Grande 2nd	Union	45	82	182	Emma Stringham
Melbourne Br.	Australian Mis.	15	26	173	Grace Bartlett
Elko	Nevada	32	55	172	Fawn S. Noren
Brisbane Br.	Australian Mis.	22	38	172	May Brown
Rapid City Br.	Western States Mis.	8	13.5	169	Mable Thomas
Phoenix 4th	Phoenix	30	48	160	Belle Herndon
Basin Br.	Big Horn	18	28	156	Lova Kinghorn
Olympia	Seattle	9	14	156	Mary Andrus
Garcia	Juarez	11	17	155	Ida Kartchner
Imbler	Unión	13	19.5	150	Jessie Perry
Tyrell's Lake Br.	Taylor	10	15	150	Clara E. Selk
Cody Br.	Big Horn	21	31	148	Ethel Brailsford
Charleston	Wasatch	34	50	147	Mary Casper
Alexandria Br.	Texas Mis.	30	43	144	
New Orleans Br.	Texas Mis.	29	41	144	
Baldwin Park	San Bernardino	32	45	141	Martha Hanks
Pittsburgh Br.	Eastern States Mis.	15	21	140	Gwen Wrathall
Pacheco	Juarez	8	11	138	Margaret Cluff
Baker	Union	39	53	136	Nettie Shurtliff
Clinton	Weber	39	53	136	Angeline Child
Tracy Br.	Sacramento	11	15	136	Sarah Dana
San Antonio	Texas Mis.	20	27	135	
Juarez	Juarez	38	51	134	Mildred Farnsworth
Penrose	Big Horn	12	16	133	Delilah M. Wasden
Arlington	Hollywood	47	62	132	Edith O. Cowan
Tempe	Maricopa	31	41	132	Mable Cluff
Fullerton	Long Beach	22	29	132	Elena Smith
Center	Wasatch	20	26	130	Bertha Sweat
Hanna Br.	Western States Mis.	10	13	130	Margaret Dexter
Powell	Big Horn	14	18	129	Bertha Cozzens
Ruth	Nevada	32	41	128	Nina Kraft
Highland	Alpine	26	33	127	Emily Hyde
Fairview Br.	Eastern States Mis.	15	19	127	Mollie Stoops
Springdale	Burley	27	34	126	Hattie Marchant
Santa Maria	Calif. Mis.	12	15	125	Reta Johnson
Bundaberg Br.	Australian Mis.	4	5	125	Mary Wilson
Wells	Nevada	25	31	124	Nellie Hyde
Grass Valley	Gridley	31	38	123	Sylvia Jensen
Acequia	Minidoka	26	32	123	Ella Harrison
Burlingame	San Francisco	39	47	121	Ruth Bentley
Santa Barbara	Calif. Mis.	20	24	120	Louise Haberlitz
Bankstown Br.	Australian Mis	13	15	120	Rose Foote
Palmyra	Eastern States Mis.	10	12	120	Maude Collins
Alameda	Oakland	36	43	119	MaRee Meuter
Grand Island Br.	Western States Mis.	16	19	119	Maude O. West
Fort Worth	Texas Mis.	19	22.5	118	

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Bellingham	Seattle	17	20	118	Ella M. Petrie
Fish Haven	Bear Lake	35	41	117	Harriet G. Jensen
Gilbert	Maricopa	24	28	117	Donnett Fuller
Vallejo	Oakland	24	27	117	Ida Fullen
Burlington	Big Horn	45	52	116	Dorothy Yorgason
Unity	Burley	37	43	116	Juliana Nielson
Ventura	Calif. Mis.	20	23	115	Genevieve Robinson
Daniels	Malad	13	15	115	Louise Gilgen
Racine	Chicago	13	15	115	Martha Hubert
No. Hollywood	Pasadena	36	41	114	Louise Phippen
Houston Br.	Texas Mis.	25	28	114	
Milwaukee So. Br.	Chicago	14	16	114	Vivian Hart
Chester	Yellowstone	45	51	113	Julia Worrell
Fairfield	Blaine	23	26	113	Annie C. Thurber
Croydon	Morgan	16	18	113	Hilda Stevens
Cedron	Teton	15	17	113	Leatha Kunz
Colton Br.	San Bernardino	15	17	113	Anna Wildman
Montello Br.	Mt. Ogden	15	17	113	Gertrude Jordan
Hobart Br.	Australian Mis.	8	9	113	Mrs. M. J. Quinn
Scofield Br.	Carbon	22	25	112	Frances W. Helsten
Firestone Park	Los Angeles	17	19	112	Elizabeth Winkler
Milwaukee	Chicago	43	48	111	Elsie Schuette
Pasadena	Pasadena	35	39	111	Jane Gottfredson
Belle Fourche Br.	Western States Mis.	9	10	111	Sadie Meredith
Pleasant Grove 2nd	Timpanogos	48	53	110	Effa Williams
Eden	Ogden	30	33	110	Janet Ferrin
Heber	Snowflake	21	23	110	Ora Despain
Lost River	Lost River	21	23	110	Alice Noble
Lago	Bannock	20	22	110	Sadie Mickelson
Adelaide Br.	Australian Mis.	10	11	110	Mrs. G. A. Latter
Victorville Br.	San Bernardino	10	11	110	Margaret Robison
Balboa	San Francisco	43	47	109	Fredrekka Duffner
Sublett	Raft River	11	12	109	Sylvia Olsen
Rosette	Curlew	11	12	109	Edna Palmer
Pendleton	Union	12	13	108	Emily Hart
Mt. View	Lyman	14	15	107	Effa Graham
San Rafael	San Francisco	13	14	107	Louise Bernards
Herriman	West Jordan	41	43.5	106	Agnes Dansie
Perry	Box Elder	36	38	106	Ida W. Thorne
University	Seattle	34	36	106	Vera Leishman
Boise 4th	Boise	32	34	106	Lillis H. Melander
Superior	Maricopa	32	34	106	Frances Linn
Welling	Taylor	18	19	106	Elizabeth Bullock
Flowell	Millard	16	17	106	Ruth Allen
Elysian Park	Pasadena	40	42	105	Zelda Shipley
Boise 2nd	Boise	39	41	105	Irene Hayes
Slaterville	No. Weber	38	40	105	Sylvia S. Knight
Harper	Box Elder	21	22	105	Frewtrilla Yates
Wendover Br.	Tooele	19	20	105	Emily Bruner
Woodland	Portland	19	20	105	May Cottrel
Alpine	St. Johns	27	28	104	Jessie Jepson
Ballard	Roosevelt	25	26	104	Ellen Bracken

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Geneva	Montpelier	25	26	104	Rosetta Teuscher
Milo	No. Ida. Falls	25	26	104	Emily Palmer
Torrance	Long Beach	25	26	104	Helga Pankey
Malta	Raft River	39	40	103	Alice O. Neddo, Mary Ellison
Burton	Rexburg	38	39	103	Annie A. Briggs
San Jose	San Francisco	38	39	103	Elizabeth Horsfield
Lehi	Maricopa	34	35	103	Lola Williams
La Grande 2nd	Union	47	48	102	Scrilda Wode
Duncan	Mt. Graham	41	42	102	Ione Packer
No. Long Beach	Long Beach	48	48.5	101	Inez Nell
Riverton 1st	West Jordan	48	48.5	101	Cleo Page
Joseph City	Snowflake	49	49	100	Stella Cummins
Bluffdale	West Jordan	47	47	100	Ida Hardman
Oakland	Oakland	44	44	100	Elizabeth Bergman
Pella	Burley	44	44	100	Alice Freer
Sunset	San Francisco	44	44	100	Millie Johnson
Wilmington	Long Beach	44	44	100	Ada Parkin
Eastmont	Los Angeles	42	42	100	Elsie Ashlock
Caliente	Moapa	41	41	100	Leah Williams
Stockton	Sacramento	40	40	100	Olive Sattler
Daniels	Wasatch	39	39	100	Sarah Price
Center	Salt Lake	38	38	100	Eva Gledhill
University	Chicago	36	36	100	Ingeborg Friberg
North Park	Calif. Mis.	34	34	100	Violet Bradley
Thatcher	Bannock	34	34	100	Wilda Rasmussen
Leland	Palmyra	33	33	100	Eleanor Creer
Egin	Yellowstone	32	32	100	Eva Dexter
Palisade	Rigby	32	32	100	Mattie Nelson
Hayward	Oakland	30	30	100	Armorel Wells
Palmyra	Palmyra	30	30	100	Lois Roach
Grant	Los Angeles	29	29	100	Marie Jenkins
Richmond	Oakland	29	29	100	Augusta Morley
Whitewater Br.	Calif. Mis.	29	29	100	Sarah E. Thompson
Palo Alto	San Francisco	28	28	100	Leah Martin
Martinez	Oakland	26	26	100	Lillian Abbott
Mapleton	Franklin	25	25	100	Afton Long
Pittsburg Br.	Oakland	25	25	100	Ann Miller
Howell	Bear River	23	23	100	Presidency
Preston 5th	Franklin	23	23	100	Pearl G. Geisler
Nat'l City Br.	Calif. Mis.	22	22	100	Georgiana Grimley
Richie	Ida. Falls	21	21	100	Bertha Cooper
Central	Bannock	20	20	100	Emma Hanson
Utah	Duchesne	20	20	100	Ruth Broadhead
Carlin	Nevada	19	19	100	Charlotte Ferguson
Bates	Teton	18	18	100	Sady Furniss
Evans Br.	Box Elder	18	18	100	Alice Buxton
Pine	Maricopa	17	17	100	Ina P. Hunt
Raymond	Montpelier	17	17	100	Eleanor Saxton
Portola Br.	Calif. Mis.	15	15	100	Lenore Maxwell
Beaver Creek Br.	Ida. Falls	14	14	100	Wanda Willis
Leadore Branch	Lost River	14	14	100	
Tensleep	Big Horn	14	14	100	Annie Duncan

Bluff	San Juan	13	13	100	Beatrice Nielson
Lindon	Snowflake	13	13	100	Leora Kartchner
Warner Br.	Taylor	12	12	100	Hope Shaffer
Grant	Portneuf	11	11	100	Rachel Anderson
Napa Br.	Oakland	11	11	100	Mrs. Virgil Swenson
Tonopah	Calif Mis.	10	10	100	Clara Lytle
Uintah	Mt. Ogden	10	10	100	Ellen Stoker
Allison Br.	Western States Mis.	9	9	100	Lucinda Cardon
Perth Br.	Australian Mis.	9	9	100	Eunice Compton
Carlsbad Br.	Western States Mis.	8	8	100	Irene Wilkinson
White River	Snowflake	6	6	100	Mrs. John White
Woolahra Br.	Australian Mis.	6	6	100	Mrs. C. Burroughs
Oyster Bay Br.	Australian Mission	5	5	100	Myra McInerney
Palm Springs Br.	Calif. Mis.	4	4	100	Velma White

WARDS 75% TO 99% INCLUSIVE

GROUP A

(Enrollment 100 or over)

Ward	*Stake*	*Enroll.*	*No. Sub.*	*Pct.*	*Magazine Agent*
Adams	Hollywood	113	109	96	Carrie Ainge
Blanding	San Juan	147	138	94	Dora Wright
Lovell West	Big Horn	121	111	92	Mildred Despain
Evanston 1st	Woodruff	110	99.5	90	Martha Johnston
Edgehill	Highland	102	92	90	Gail Clayton
Forest Dale	Granite	116	103.5	89	Norma Woolf
Spring City	No. Sanpete	114	102	89	Nell Nyberg
Snowflake	Snowflake	121	109	88	Emma Hall, Tina Gardner
Yale	Bonneville	105	91.5	87	Esther L. White
Ogden 12th	Mt. Ogden	145	125	86	Madge Cassity, Florence Farr
Pocatello 3rd	Pocatello	123	106	86	Rozilla Tolman
Thirty-first	Liberty	137	114.5	84	Lily Haines
Whittier	Wells	124	102.5	83	Kathrine Sturgell
St. Johns	St. Johns	100	83	83	Mary W. Waters
Belvedere	Wells	113	93	82	Violet Ostler
Glendale	Pasadena	127	102	80	Elizabeth Waste
Logan Ninth	Cache	111	84	80	Verna C. Jackson
Bountiful 1st	So. Davis	107	84	79	Minnie Lawson
Pima	St. Joseph	139	108	78	Freda Cluff
Eighth	Liberty	112	87	78	Abbie L. Jorgensen
Pocatello 1st	Pocatello	137	106	77	Rita Austin
Thirty-third	Bonneville	106	82	77	Hattie Axelson
Magna	Oquirrh	121	91.5	76	Ina Hansen
Provo 5th	Provo	117	88	75	May H. Snow
Brigham 3rd	Box Elder	110	82.5	75	Agnes O. Stander
Cowley	Big Horn	105	79	75	Leona Fowler

GROUP B

(Enrollment 50 to 99 Inclusive)

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Afton North	Star Valley	69	66	96	Louise Frome
Midway 2nd	Wasatch	64	60	94	Susanna Probst
Ogden 8th	Ogden	96	89	93	Ada Taylor
Ogden 11th	Weber	69	64	93	Birdie Fowers
Boise 1st	Boise	79	73	92	Signa Pecora
West Bountiful	So. Davis	55	50.5	92	Chloe M. Arbuckle
Rexburg 4th	Rexburg	75	68	91	Isabell Blunck
Inglewood	Hollywood	68	62	91	Maurine B. Malm
Mayfield	Gunnison	57	52	91	Amelia C. Larson
Ogden 6th	Ogden	94	84	89	Gertrude Hays
Ririe	Rigby	73	65	89	Eliza Durant
Maeser	Uintah	55	49	89	Mabel Ashby
San Bernardino	San Bernardino	75	66	88	Ruth Irwin
Hollywood	Pasadena	64	56	88	Charlotte O'Conner
Ogden 2nd	Weber	82	71	87	Ethel McCarty
Washington Br.	Eastern States Mis.	69	60	87	Mina Whittle
Byron	Big Horn	67	58	87	Sally Griffin
Emerson	Highland	87	75	86	Agnes Kirk
Ida. Falls 6th	Idaho Falls	67	57.5	86	Phoebe Peterson
Twenty-second	Salt Lake	65	56	86	Lucy W. Holmes
Midway 1st	Wasatch	52	45	86	Ada D. Bonner
Rexburg 3rd	Rexburg	52	44.5	86	Margaret Pearson
Mission	San Francisco	51	44	86	Mrs. J. Kennison
St. George West	St. George	95	81	85	Alice Hamilton
Pocatello 2nd	Pocatello	89	76	85	Florence Wright
Burton	Wells	66	56	85	Mary Mendenhall
Rigby 1st	Rigby	91	75	84	Elizabeth West
South Gate	Los Angeles	86	72	84	Naomi Whale
Salmon	Lost River	83	69	83	Emma Bacus
Hyrum 3rd	Hyrum	81	67	83	Luella Birch
Waterloo	Wells	66	54.5	83	Hanna Clements
American Fork 4th	Alpine	64	53	83	Grace Coates
North Pocatello	Pocatello	54	45	83	Caroline Stewart
Preston 6th	Franklin	54	46	83	Mrs. B. Golightly
Williamson	Texas Mis.	53	44	83	
Fifteenth	Salt Lake	94	77.5	82	Mary Price
Las Vegas	Moapa	94	77	82	Maranda Craner
Magrath 2nd	Taylor	89	73	82	Frances Taylor
Provo 6th	Utah	88	72	82	Jane B. Evans
Fillmore 2nd	Millard	67	55	82	Manilla Brunson
Vermont	Los Angeles	66	55	82	Martha Jeffs
Logan 2nd	Logan	66	54	82	Inez Thain
Spencer	Oquirrh	56	46	82	Ethel Poulton
Lindon	Timpanogos	55	46	82	Edah Allred
La Point	Uintah	50	41	82	Grace Lambert
Evanston 2nd	Woodruff	74	60	81	Edith Davis
Huntsville	Ogden	78	63	81	Nell McKay
Pocatello 6th	Pocatello	57	46	81	Alta G. Bingham
Bountiful 3rd	So. Davis	97	78	80	Emma T. Riley
Malad 3rd	Malad	80	64	80	Jemima Opperman
Twenty-ninth	Salt Lake	80	64	80	Hillevi Daniels
Circleville	Garfield	78	62.5	80	Elsie Simkins

GROUP B—Continued

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Springdale	Zion Park	60	48	80	Nora C. Jolley
Twin Falls 1st	Twin Falls	75	60	80	Lenore Carroll
Gridley	Gridley	50	40	80	Florence Jensen
Tremonton 2nd	Bear River	94	75	79	Edith Fuller
Wells	Wells	80	63.5	79	Stella Widdison
St. George East	St. George	101	79	78	Effie Syphus
Spanish Fork 3rd	Palmyra	86	67	78	Estella Christopherson
Garden Park	Bonneville	83	65	78	Rena Bjorklund
Prescott Br.	Calif. Mis.	72	56	78	Veda Scott
Lincoln	Idaho Falls	59	46	78	Helen Jensen
Oakley 2nd	Cassia	54	42	78	Mary Stowers
Grantsville Second	Tooele	78	60	77	Glenna Millward
Fillmore	Millard	91	70	77	Pearl Seguine
Timpanogos	Sharon	79	61	77	Emma Stratton
Roy	Weber	66	51	77	Jane Hyden
Oak City	Deseret	60	46	77	Rachel Roper
Elwood	Bear River	57	44	77	Mrs. Carl Romer
Compton	Long Beach	56	43	77	Mavis Larson
Centerville 1st	So. Davis	99	75.5	76	Ella Evans
Yalecrest	Bonneville	93	71	76	Genevieve Arnspiger
Preston 3rd	Oneida	85	65	76	Myrtle Anderson
Shelley 1st	Shelley	82	62	76	Esther Christensen
Raymond 2nd	Taylor	80	61	76	Elsie Smith
Parowan East	Parowan	74	56	76	Josephine Paramore
Calgary	Lethbridge	54	41	76	Helen Faulkner
Vernal 1st	Uintah	97	73	75	Ruvina Stone
Holden	Millard	77	58	75	Elva Johnson
Idaho Falls 3rd	Idaho Falls	70	52.5	75	Viola Edwards
Windsor	Timpanogos	70	52	75	Mary B. Hales
Richfield 3rd	Sevier	68	51	75	Everdiena C. Winkel
Storrs	Carbon	64	48	75	Josephine McPhie
Ogden 22nd	Weber	55	41	75	Ruby Wilson
Lake Shore	Palmyra	53	40	75	Martha Simmons

GROUP C

(Enrollment 1 to 49 Inclusive)

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Hercules	Oquirrh	28	27.5	98	Fannie Little
Redondo	Long Beach	27	26.5	98	Lennie Evans
Claremont	Oakland	48	46.5	97	Clara Gleason
Dublan	Juarez	39	38	97	Bernice Coon
Fresno Branch	California Mission	31	30	97	Charlotte Ursenbach
Enmore Branch	Australian Mission	28	27	96	Margaret Rood
West Side Las Vegas	Moapa	27	26	96	Cleora Jarrett
Woodruff	Snowflake	38	36	95	Margaret Turley
Kimball	Shelley	22	21	95	Florence Gifford
Showlow	Snowflake	31	29	94	Sarah M. Willis
Basin	Cassia	16	15	94	Nellie Martin
Woodland Branch	Sacramento	16	15	94	Mrs. K. F. Gordon
Riverton	Blackfoot	27	25	93	Cassie Brown

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Bern	Montpelier	25	23	92	Marintha Bienz
Copperfield	West Jordan	13	12	92	Gladys Scroggin
Merrill	Portneuf	6	5.5	92	LaVene Pilgrim
Chandler	Maricopa	45	41	91	Helen Cluff
Oakley Third	Cassia	34	31	91	Lavina Critchfield
Roseville	Sacramento	33	31	91	Nellie Boller
Davis	Uintah	27	24.5	91	Alice Gurr
Kanesville	Weber	23	21	91	Aline Hansen
Renton Branch	Seattle	11	10	91	Marie M. Kent
Nampa First	Nampa	49	44	90	Florence R. Adams
Albuquerque Branch	Western States Mis.	39	35	90	Anna Davis
Superior	Lyman	30	27	90	Nora Hansen
Picture Butte	Lethbridge	22	20	90	Luella Hague
Murtaugh	Roosevelt	36	32	89	Annie Goodman
Etna	Star Valley	27	24	89	Rozelia Cozier
Veyo	St. George	19	17	89	Esther Chadburn
Oakley First	Cassia	45	40	88	Helen Lee
Grace Second	Bannock	32	28	88	Mildred Ray
Young	Logan	26	23	88	Emma Speth
Chuichupa	Juarez	25	22	88	Cora Judd
Lincoln	Seattle	24	21	88	Wilma Pike
Richville	Morgan	17	15	88	Lillie Clark
Altoona Branch	Eastern States Mis.	8	7	88	Blanche Ruggles
Riverton Branch	Western States Mis.	8	7	88	Hazel Dalley
Marriott	North Weber	40	35	87	Sarah H. Parry
Springfield	Blackfoot	23	20	87	Minnie Thurston
Elberta	Santaquin-Tintic	15	13	87	Harriet E. Barney
Wardboro	Montpelier	15	13	87	Evva Dalrymple
Clay Springs	Snowflake	29	25	86	Belle McCleve
Diamondville	Woodruff	29	25	86	Neva Querry
Cleveland	Bannock	21	18	86	Mary Anderson
Coalingo Branch	California Mission	14	12	86	Sallie Thomas
Ivins	St. George	14	12	86	Lula Tobler
Moulton	Raft River	14	12	86	Julia H. Clark
Binghamton Branch	Eastern States Mis.	7	6	86	Lettie Elliott
Garden City	Bear Lake	48	41	85	Irene Reed
Susanville Branch	California Mission	34	29	85	Eleanor Hansen
Sunnyside	Carbon	26	22	85	Ruby Hanson
Adamsville	Beaver	13	11	85	Sara Jones
Flagstaff Branch	Snowflake	32	28	84	Martha Thomas
Lyman	Rexburg	31	26	84	Rita Allen
Peterson	Morgan	19	16	84	Nancy Bowman
Marsh Center	Portneuf	13	11	84	Martha Treasure
Winslow	Snowflake	47	39	83	Mrs. Ray Wakefield
Laketown	Bear Lake	40	33	83	Oreta Satterthwaite
Kirtland	Young	36	30	83	Mae W. Bond
Marion	Cassia	30	25	83	Sarah Adams
Kanarra	Parowan	29	24	83	Frances Williams
Bridgeland	Duchesne	24	20	83	Clara Young
Waco Branch	Texas Mission	24	20	83	....
McNary	Snowflake	12	10	83	Celia H. Gardner
Merced Branch	California Mission	12	10	83	Nora Johnson

GROUP C—Continued

Ward	Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Shumway	Snowflake	12	10	83	Ruth Davis
Logan Square	Chicago	49	40	82	Margaret Kerr
West Seattle	Seattle	34	28	82	Bertha Hansen
Farnum	Yellowstone	17	14	82	LeVera Hendrickson
Mt. Trumbell	St. George	11	9	82	Iona Shelley
Independence	Rexburg	32	26	81	Pauline Perry
Wanship	Summit	32	26	81	Bessie Hixon
Manhattan	New York	31	25	81	Elfriede Kuehne
Swan Lake	Portneuf	31	25	81	Marie Henderson
Leeds	St. George	26	21	81	Dallice Hartman
Lark Branch	West Jordan	21	17	81	Lillis Sandstrom
Twenty-third	Salt Lake	46	37	80	Jennie Smith
Williams	Bannock	20	16	80	Martha Kingford
Chico Br.	Gridley	15	12	80	Lucile Bennett
Canandaigua Branch	Eastern States Mis.	10	8	80	Nellie Lodge
Reading Branch	Eastern States Mis.	5	4	80	Pearl D. Yeager
Riverside	Blackfoot	42	33	79	Christine Kirwan
Firth	Shelley	39	31	79	Ingeborg Bolstead
Yuba City	Gridley	39	32	79	Mabel Hayter
Rupert First	Minidoka	38	30	79	Agnes Davidson
Pingree	Blackfoot	26	20.5	79	Sarah E. Cammack
Wrentham Branch	Taylor	14	11	79	Vera Erickson
Ovid	Bear Lake	37	29	78	Delma Sorensen
Eden	St. Joseph	32	25	78	Carrie Thatcher
Kimball	St. Joseph	27	21	78	Mary Connelly
Mt. Tabor	Portland	27	21	78	Dorothy Peterson
El Sereno	Pasadena	18	14	78	Hannah Alyslanalp
Milburn	North Sanpete	18	14	78	Rebecca Stewart
Virgin	Zion Park	12	9	78	Lola Cornelius
Bloomfield	Young	9	7	78	Ellen Reid
Whitney	Franklin	47	36	77	Iona Oliverson
View	Burley	44	34	77	Verl W. Wrigley
Omaha Branch	Western States Mis.	37	28.5	77	Ida H. Higbee
Liberty	Ogden	30	23	77	Irma B. Holmes
Osmond	Star Valley	26	20	77	Nora Harrison
Challis	Lost River	18	14	77	Mabel Howell
Hatch	Idaho	13	10	77	Valeria Johnson
Calgary	Lethbridge	54	41	76	Helen Faulkner
Queen Ann	Seattle	51	39	76	Etta Eskelsen
Granite	East Jordan	25	19	76	Emma Beckstead
Ashurst	St. Joseph	21	16	76	Hazel Bryce
Emery	St. Joseph	17	13	76	Lucy Chesley
No. Denver Branch	Western States Mis.	17	13	76	VaLoie Hill
Santa Clara	St. George	48	36	75	Eliza Gubler
Archer	Rexburg	46	34.5	75	Leah Briggs
Holbrook	Snowflake	31	23	75	Mrs. Pratt Greer
Cherry Creek	Malad	20	15	75	Merl Moon
Sharon	Bear Lake	20	15	75	Hazel Long
Lordsburg Branch	Mt. Graham	16	12	75	Leta F. B. Howard
Pine Valley	St. George	12	9	75	Maud Gardner
Dines	Lyman	8	6	75	Helen Bell
Scranton Branch	Eastern States Mis.	4	3	75	Lavinia Weidow

STAKES 75% OR OVER

Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Phoenix	266	385	145	Zina Dana
Ensign	796	1025	129	Camilla Halladay
Maricopa	548	658	120	Amy P. Morris
Juarez	121	139	115	Jennie Bowman
Union	234	263.5	113	Mildred Snider
Oakland	481	534.5	111	Vida S. Allen
Ogden	899	961	107	Lois D. Smith
San Francisco	324	347	107	Naomi S. MacCabe
Granite	575	579.5	101	Pearl H. Crockett
Big Horn	606	605	100	Ann Gwynn
Long Beach	482	471	98	Ethel Spongberg
Wasatch	490	469	94	Lillie L. Duke
Weber	625	588	94	Mabel C. Ellis
Hollywood	519	484	93	LaVina L. Rohner
Nevada	362	338	93	Ramona Watson
San Juan	315	283.5	90	Caroline N. Redd
Boise	230	216	89	LaVon L. Dalton
Bonneville	571	494	87	Bernice Duffin
Palmyra	636	553	87	Lenora Gulf
Cassia	179	153	85	Jennie R. Hale
Idaho Falls	503	428	83	Della Rowberry
Snowflake	584	486	83	Coral S. Peterson
Chicago	214	177	82	Fanny R. Bradley
Duchesne	207	169.5	81	Eliza J. Gilbert
St. Johns	311	251	81	Laura Farr Day
Utah	582	473	81	Irma M. Mitchell
Burley	508	400	79	Nellie R. Barlow
Wells	979	775.5	79	Eleanor S. Muir
Salt Lake	949	752	79	Clara B. Wright
Pocatello	844	654	77	Gladys G. Merrill
Sacramento	279	216	77	Marie Gibby
San Bernardino	254	195	77	Naomi Larsen
Liberty	915	696	76	Mary A. Coulam
Mt. Ogden	659	509	76	Laurel M. Dickson
Bannock	297	224	75	Hattie Hogan
Franklin	621	461	75	Jeanette S. Barton
Los Angeles	739	552	75	Zilla Major
Minidoka	539	293	75	Pearl Brewerton
Taylor	445	330.5	75	Theta R. Sabey

MISSIONS 75% OR OVER

Mission	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Australian	129	182	141	Violet Cook
Santa Barbara District California Mission	72	67	93	Lillian Johnson
Navada Dist., Cal. Mis.	242	200	83	Marcia G. Davis
Fresno Dist., Cal. Mis.	75	61	81	Charlotte Ursenbach
Monterey Bay District California Mission	40	32	80	Irene Sorenson
N. Ariz. Dist., Cal. Mis.	72	56	78	Veda Scott

10 HIGHEST STAKES ACCORDING TO NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Stake	Enroll.	No. Sub.	Pct.	Magazine Agent
Ensign	796	1,025	129	Camilla Halladay
Ogden	899	961	107	Lois D. Smith
Wells	979	775·5	79	Eleanor S. Muir
Salt Lake	949	752	79	Clara B. Wright
Liberty	915	696	76	Mary A. Coulam
Maricopa	548	658	120	Amy P. Morris
Pocatello	844	654	77	Gladys G. Merrill
Big Horn	606	605	100	Ann Gwynn
Weber	625	588	94	Mabel C. Ellis
Granite	575	579·5	101	Pearl H. Crockett

Long Live Your Poinsettia

(*Continued from page 820*)

the room dropped suddenly, or it may have been in the path of a cold draft. In this case, immerse the pot into warm water to remove the chill from the roots. Keep the plant in a part of the house where the temperature is likely to remain the same degree both day and night.

Poinsettias are not continuous bloomers and will show signs of tiredness along in February—granting that you have taken proper care of them that long. The leaves will droop and fall as the rest period approaches. The shrub can then be cut down and the pot set away until about August. Its blooming time is over, and its sleepy time has come.

In return for proper care, the poinsettia will preserve for you your Christmas joys until other plants have appeared to relieve the drowsy poinsettia and to take up the job of bringing happiness where the poinsettia has left off.

Starting the Children Right

Food plays such an important part in the up-bringing of healthy children that modern parents listen eagerly to the findings of experts. From all authoritative sources comes a chorus of praise for milk, as one of the most important foods for children.

Milk combines in balanced form a great many of the health elements so essential to the proper growth and general well-being of active boys and girls. Authorities say that every child should have a quart of milk a day in some form, whether as a beverage or combined with other foods.

Irradiated vitamin D milk is recognized as an excellent source of the precious sunshine vitamin which is essential to the building and nourishment of straight, strong bones and sound, even teeth.

Science has come to our aid by enriching milk with vitamin D by irradiation with ultra-violet rays, like sun's rays. A quart of irradiated vitamin D milk every day will supply a normal child with the required amount of vitamin D for sturdy health.

Make this a—

BOOK CHRISTMAS

Give Books and the selection of your Christmas presents becomes a delight instead of a chore. You'll have just as much pleasure picking out the right books for the right people as your friends will when they receive and read them.

Besides Books—we have a great variety of other Gift Articles—in fact, this is "the Store of a Thousand Gifts".

We also have a complete stock of Relief Society supplies and lesson material. Make this friendly store your Gift and Book headquarters.

Deseret Book Company

Phone Wasatch 6967

44 East South Temple — Salt Lake City, Utah

Start Him Right

Every child should have a quart of milk every day—to drink, or combined with other foods. Cloverleaf Milk brings the added benefit of an extra supply of sunshine vitamin D which helps build strong bones and sound teeth.

It costs no more than ordinary milk

Cloverleaf

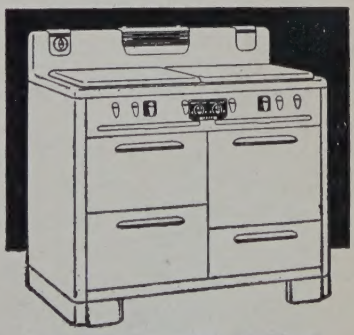
Perfectly Pasteurized Grade A
Irradiated Vitamin D Milk

Home of Fine Dairy Products

Wouldn't Mother Like a New GAS RANGE For Christmas?

For easier cooking at lower cost

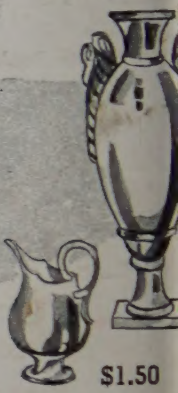
CONVENIENT TERMS



MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY

Salt Lake — Ogden — Provo
Serving 23 Utah Communities

MRS SERAPH JACKSON
476 NO 2ND EAST
PROVO UTAH



$1.50

Christmas Tribute

that will bring delight to your l

Let the gift that carries your Christmas message o and cheer be one of quality. It's the priceless in ent that distinguishes every gift in ZCMI's gloriou fusion, whether your choice is silverware at s dollars or several hundred, flattering perfume pensive or priceless, exquiste apparel much or m ately priced. Her delight in beauty and usefu will be your constant pleasure for years to

$45.00

$15.00

$6.95

ZCMI

gift center of the west

$40